A

PILGRIMAGE TO TREVES,

THROUGH

THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE AND THE FOREST OF ARDENNES,

IN THE YEAR 1844.

NEW-YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-ST.

1845.

"Toutes les institutions périssent, la royauté s'en va; le monde politique s'agite dans des convulsions de mort; au milieu de ce désordre moral, un fait immense survit encore; c'est la puissance du Catholicisme, puissance de mystères, de pompes, de famille, d'arts, et de saintes mémoires."—CAPEFIGUE.

TO

RICHARD K. HOFFMAN, M.D.,

A VALUED FRIEND, AN AFFECTIONATE PRECEPTOR,
A LEARNED AND HONOURED PHYSICIAN,

This Work is Inscribed.

PREFACE.

This small volume needs but little preface. Suffice it to say that, having, in the course of a European tour, pursued a route not often travelled, and witnessed a ceremony yet more seldom seen, I have availed myself of some moments of leisure to give my notes their present form.

This work is not written with a sectarian object. Touching so nearly on religious matters, I have carefully refrained from indulging in reflections into which neither my age nor my knowledge qualify me to enter, and have rigidly confined myself to a narration of what passed under my eyes.

With regard to the remainder of the book, I at once acknowledge my indebtedness to various local works for many of the historical facts and details which I here introduce. These books being, without exception, written in the French or German languages, and many of them altogether unknown beyond the place of their publication, the materials which I have drawn from them may, perhaps, interest by their novelty.

Of the ordinary class of guide-books I have,

in general, made no use, except as indices to more responsible sources of information.

The task which I have prescribed to myself has not been a difficult one, yet it is not without diffidence that I offer its result to the public, and I would ask for all the indulgence which youth and a first attempt may claim.

CHARLES EDWARD ANTHON.

Berlin, December 25th, 1844.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

Spa, October 27th, 1844.

Dear F——,

Having resolved to attempt the production of a book, I have returned to this place, which is, for several reasons, very favourable to my purpose; first, because, being situated in the country, and among the mountains, it is a pleasant place to live in; secondly, because it is a fashionable watering-place, which is deserted at this season of the year, so that I have excellent accommodations, with nothing to distract my attention from my labour; and, thirdly, because it is in the vicinity of Liége and Brussels, from which cities I can obtain all the books of which I stand in need. To these reasons I might add a dozen others, but I suppose that you will think these quite sufficient. The plan I have formed is this: In the first place, the title, which is always a matter of some consequence, is to be "A Pilgrimage to Treves, through the Valley of the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes."

I commence with Aix-la-Chapelle, which, being the old imperial city of Charlemagne, and containing many relics of him, will, if well described, make a very interesting chapter. From Aix-la-Chapelle to Liége, by way of Spa, is an interesting route, which I followed, and the Valley of the Meuse, from Liége to Dinant, combines, with all that is charming in scenery, historical associations of the finest character.

From Dinant to Luxembourg, the road I followed traverses the very heart of the Ardennes, a peculiarly wild and savage country. The pilgrimage to Treves will be the end of the journey and of the book. I have already written an account of it in one of my letters; but you will have a better idea of the interest taken in this curious ceremony, and, consequently, of its importance, from the simple fact that, during the seven weeks of its duration, no less than half a million of persons visited the city. This ancient place contains also some very remarkable Roman monuments quite worthy of record. * * * * I think that I have selected a subject and a route which have, at least, the merit of being altogether unhackneyed. Another merit I can claim to myself, in relation to the legendary lore, is that of being a conscientious writer; for I assure you that, before I write one page, I frequently read a hundred. After all this heralding, you will, perhaps, be much disappointed when you come to read my manuscript; and, to tell the truth, I am often mortified, on examining it, to find what insipid stuff I have perpetrated. However, time will show; and when I send you what I have written, I will give you full power to publish it or not, as you may think best; for I consider it much better not to attempt the character of an author than to have that of a bad one.

A PILGRIMAGE, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Aix-la-Chapelle.—Its Discovery and Restoration by Charlemagne.—His Residence there.—Erection and Consecration of the Cathedral.—The Emperor's Death, Burial, and Disinterment.

The Emperor Charlemagne delighted in the chase. Attended by his nobles, he often pursued the stag and the wild boar through the deep forests of the Meuse and the Rhine. As he was one day engaged in his favourite pastime, he lost sight of his companions, and, wandering at hazard, came to a spot where walls in ruin, and overgrown with briers, attracted his curiosity. Examining them with attention, he traced the remains of Roman baths, and discovered the springs which had once fed them. The water was reeking hot as it issued from the ground, and it exhaled a sulphurous odour.

The beauty of the place excited his admiration. Masses of building stood hard by, crumbling in decay, but still preserving an air of majesty which showed that, though long since fallen from their fair estate, they had once been the favourite abode of pleasure or of power. From the miserable inhabitants who yet lingered about the ruins he learned that the place was called, in Gallic Latin, Aquis Granum, the waters of Granus, or Apollo, whose

divine influence the Romans had recognised in its health-restoring fountains. By command of Charlemagne, the rubbish which encumbered the ground and choked up the health-giving springs was removed, and the ancient palace which had adorned their neighbourhood was reconstructed in all its former magnificence.

Hither he came from time to time, as the fatigues of conquest or the cares of government allowed him respite, to indulge in his darling recreation with the most favoured of his nobility. Here, also, he held, with great pomp and splendour, his royal hunting-parties. A Saxon poet describes one of them in such glowing colours, and in a manner so characteristic of the times, that I cannot resist its introduction here.

"It is in these forests that Charlemagne is in the habit of giving himself up to the agreeable diversions of the country; there he urges his hounds in the pursuit of savage beasts, and under the shadow of the wood strikes down the stag with arrows. At sunrise the young men cherished by the king rush towards the forest, and the noble lords are already assembled before the palace-gate. The air is troubled by the loud uproar, which rises even to the gilded roof of the palace; cry answers cry, steed neighs to steed, the running footmen call one another, and the servant attached to his master's steps ranges himself in his train. Covered with gold and precious metals, the horse which is to carry the emperor seems all joyous and tosses his head

impetuously, as if to demand liberty to run at will over the fields and mountains. Some of the youths carry spears pointed with iron, and nets made of a quadruple cloth of flax. Others lead, attached by the collar, the panting hounds and the furious mastiffs. At last the king—Charles himself—comes forth; his head is encircled with a brilliant diadem of gold, his face shines with a supernatural splendour, and his stature by far exceeds that of all who surround him; after him advance the most elevated in honour and dignity among the dukes and counts. The gates of the city open, the horns re-echo far and wide through the air, and the young men set out at full gallop. The queen herself, the fair Luitgardis, quitting at length her splendid couch, advances in the middle of the crowd which accompanies her. Her neck shines with the roseate colour with which she has tinged it, her hair is confined by the bands of purple which encircle her temples, threads of gold fasten her mantle, and a richly-adorned turban surrounds her head. She shines with all the pomp of her golden diadem and her purple robes, while her neck is adorned with precious stones. Her cherished maidens encompass her in a troop, and her proud steed bounds beneath her. The rest of the young men are waiting without for the children of the king. At length Charles is seen approaching, like his father in name, in face, in manners: then comes Pepin, his temples crowned with a shining metal, mounted on a fiery charger, in the midst of a numerous es-

cort; the council follow his steps, the horns send out their flourishes, whose sounds reach the stars. Then come the daughters of the king: Rotrudis walks first, her locks entwined with bands of amethyst, disposed without symmetry, for her crown surrounds her brow with the riches which adorn it, and a golden wire also attaches her beautiful veil. Bertha follows in the midst of her maidens; her voice, her bearing, her mien, her face, everything about her, is like her father; her head bears a magnificent diadem, threads of gold are twined among her hair, her neck is surrounded with rare and precious furs, her garments are surcharged with pearls, and even her sleeves are covered with brilliants. After her comes Gisela, brilliant in modesty, in the centre of a company of young virgins; her robe is dyed with the mallow, and her veil is ornamented with shining threads of purple. Adelaide, who follows, is all sparkling with the rich jewels which cover her; a mantle of silk hangs from her shoulders, her head is decked with a crown of pearls, and a golden clasp, also covered with pearls, confines her cloak; her fiery horse bears her into the secret haunts where the stags retreat. See also approach the fair Theodrada; gold confines her hair, a collar of emeralds shines around her neck, her foot is covered with the buskin of Sophocles. Last comes Hilrudis; chance has assigned her this place at the end of the troop. All are at length assembled. The dogs are let loose; the cavaliers surround the forest; the boar is roused;

the hunters enter the wood. Charles rushes upon the boar as he is hard pressed by the hounds, and plunges his sword into his body. Meanwhile, his children, placed on a high hill, are observing the spectacle. Charles orders the chase to be renewed, and a great number of boars are slain. At length they gain a part of the wood where tents and fountains have been prepared on the spur of the moment, and there Charles, assembling the old men and the men of ripe age, the youths and the chaste young virgins, places them at table, ordering the Falernian to be poured out in plentiful streams. Meanwhile the sun vanishes, and night covers the whole globe with her shade."*

It was not, however, only as a resort of pleasure that Charlemagne loved this place. His hours of toil were also often spent here. From his palace at Aix, as it was now called by a contraction of its original name, he published the edicts which governed Spain and Italy, Germany and France. He here concerted with the papal legates the vast plan whose development was to combine the Unity of the Church with the Unity of Empire. From these Northern forests he sent to Rome the beams and other rude materials which the pontiffs required for their religious edifices, and obtained works of art in return, which Italy could well spare from

* This picturesque description of a hunt, originally written in Latin by the old chronicler, called the Saxon poet (Poëta Saxo), is translated from the French version given in M. Capefigue's "Charlemagne."

her abundant store. The Greek emperors did not disdain to send ambassadors to their brother of the West, though he governed the barbarous nation of the Franks. These rude soldiers, with all their contempt for the effeminate and unwarlike habits of the Greeks, were struck with wonder at their advanced civilization. An organ, which they had brought with them to Aix, particularly excited the admiration of their hosts.

As the fame of Charlemagne spread yet farther to the East, envoys from the Caliph Haroun al Raschid came to implore his friendship. It was to Aix that they carried those rich and curious gifts of which History speaks, an elephant, monkeys, balm, spikenard, divers essences, drugs of all kinds, but, most wonderful of all, an ivory clock, with twelve doors on its dial, giving passage to balls which fell on drums of brass to strike the hour; each door then remaining open till the twelfth hour, when twelve little horsemen sallied out together, made the tour of the dial, and shut them all. Charlemagne took these envoys with him into the Ardennes, that they might see him hunt the auroch, a kind of bull which then infested that forest; but at the sight of those immense animals, they were seized with a horrible fear, and betook themselves to flight.

Meanwhile, the emperor had commenced at Aix the erection of a Cathedral which should be worthy of his favourite city. All the wealth, all the skill at his command, were devoted to this pur-

pose, and the pope sent mosaics and porphyry columns from beyond the Alps for its decoration. After eight years of labour it was finished, and it was determined to celebrate its consecration by an imposing ceremony. The sovereign pontiff, Leo the Third, presided at the dedication, assisted by three hundred and sixty-five archbishops and bishops, in allusion to the days of the year. Tradition says that, at the critical moment, two were found to be wanting, whereupon two dead bishops of Tongres quitted their graves at Maestricht, and took part in the festival with great joy, after which they disappeared. The name "Chapelle" was given to the edifice, a term derived from the "Chape," or cope of St. Martin, and which had been used to designate the oratories of the Frankish kings; and the city itself, now advanced to the dignity of Capital of the Empire north of the Alps, was in future called Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aix of the Chapel.

As the emperor advanced in age, he made Aix-la-Chapelle his permanent residence. The rheumatic pains to which he now became subject, caused probably by his early devotion to the chase, were relieved by its warm springs. The basins in which the sulphureous waters were collected were of such size that more than a hundred persons could not only bathe, but swim in them without meeting each other, and in these it is said that he was wont to pass entire days.

The last autumn of his life Charlemagne hunt-

ed, as usual, in the environs of Aix. Returning to his palace there, he died shortly afterward in the year 814, the seventy-second of his age. He had, during his life, caused his tomb to be prepared in the centre of the chapel which he had built, and there his body was placed, embalmed, clothed in the imperial garments, and seated on a throne of marble covered with plates of gold. His sword was by his side, with the pilgrim's wallet which he had always carried in his journeys to Rome, and the book of the Gospels was laid upon his knees. The vault was filled with treasures, with odours, and with precious spices.

Charlemagne died, and his work perished with him. The empire which he had founded with such toil crumbled into fragments. The barbarians of the North braved his feeble successors. The fierce Normans penetrated even to his capital, destroyed the palace, and plundered the sacred edifice in which he had taken such pride. From ignorance, perhaps from respect, they did not violate his tomb.

The Emperor Otho the Third restored the chapel, and, after long search, discovered the vault where the remains of its founder had been placed. On opening it, the form of the dead Cæsar was revealed sitting on the throne, and covered with the imperial ornaments as when he lived, one hundred and eighty-six years before. By command of Otho, the throne, the crown, the sceptre, the globe, the sword, and the book of the Gospels, were re-

moved, and have since been used at the coronation of the German emperors. The tomb was again closed.

Frederic Barbarossa caused the vault to be once more opened, but with a different object. Charlemagne had now been canonized, and his remains were regarded as relics, and suffered the penalty of canonization. The dry bones were exhumed, and placed at first in an antique sarcophagus of Parian marble, still shown in the Cathedral, on which is sculptured the Rape of Proserpina : a singular receptacle, truly, for the bones of a saint! They were afterward separated from one another, placed in rich caskets, and dispersed in various quarters, to be gazed on by the devout.

For many centuries the emperors were crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle. The last coronation which took place there was that of Ferdinand I., brother and successor of Charles the Fifth. The ceremony was afterward performed at Frankfurt on the Mayn.

CHAPTER II.

General appearance of the City.—Its Minster Church.—Relics and Treasures.—Rathhaus.—Frankenburg.—Mineral Springs.

THERE are cities which, having been the scene of some great drama, derive from that cause a peculiar impress which they ever afterward preserve. In spite of years and the changes which they bring, the period of their greatness seems always present, so deeply is its remembrance engraved on the minds of men. Such is Aix-la-Chapelle, still the Rome of the North, as it was a thousand years ago. Time has dealt hardly with the ancient city. The Normans, as I have already said, ravaged it and destroyed the imperial palace. Desolated on various occasions by war and pestilence, seven eighths of it were reduced to ashes by an accidental conflagration in the year 1656, an overwhelming calamity, which cast into the shade several minor accidents of the same nature. Its general aspect is therefore completely modern, and the gay crowds which press, during half the year, around its mineral springs, would destroy all recollection of the past, did we not know that these fountains are the same which Charlemagne discovered, and in which he delighted to bathe his strong limbs; that this edifice hard by, in front of which the peasant stops short to gaze upon its blackened walls and strange architecture, is the chapel which he founded, and

of which he himself is said to have designed the plan.

The Cathedral, or Münsterkirche of Aix, as it now exists, is composed of two parts, of different styles and ages. The central portion is the Carlovingian "Chapelle," which, though a thousand years have rolled over it, and left traces of their passage, still retains most of its original form. It is of an octagonal shape, and covered with a dome: the round arch everywhere prevails, for it was built long before the introduction of the Gothic: it is in the later Roman or Byzantine style. On the western side it is connected with a tower, the union between the upper portions of the two structures being effected by a sort of aërial bridge. The rest of the Cathedral is of more modern date, and consists of a choir in a very bold and striking style of Gothic, added in the latter half of the fourteenth century. Around these principal masses are grouped several small chapels, and a host of mean sheds used as shops, together with some grotesque little houses curiously nestled between the buttresses of the choir, which, while they detract from the magnificence, add to the picturesque effect of the whole.

The doors of the great entrance are of bronze. On the left hand stands a pine cone, and on the right a she wolf of the same metal. A curious tradition is attached to the figures. The magistrates of the city, it is said, were one day deliberating on the means of procuring funds for the completion of the Cathedral, when an individual of re-

spectable appearance entered, and promised to furnish the necessary sum on condition that they should deliver up to him the first person who entered the church after it was finished. By this offer, the magistrates were aware that they had to do with Satan; but, under the pressure of circumstances, they nevertheless entered into the proposed engagement, and the money was counted out. When the edifice was finished, and it became necessary to open it to the public, their embarrassment was extreme. They had long been discussing the matter, when they were told that one of the gamekeepers of the city had just brought in a live wolf which he had taken in a trap. "Heaven sends us help," they exclaimed, with one voice; "the wolf shall be the victim." It was done. The moment the doors were opened, the wolf was driven into the church, and the devil, outwitted, had to content himself with a wolf instead of a human soul. The soul of the wolf—how, it is difficult to divine—is said to be represented by the "pine cone."

A certain gloom prevails through the interior of the Cathedral, which is favourable to the serious thoughts that the spot naturally excites.

Beneath the centre of the dome is the tomb of Charlemagne, now tenantless, covered with a large stone slab on a level with the pavement, inlaid with bronze, and bearing, in letters of the same metal, the inscription

CAROLO MAGNO.

Above it hangs from the roof a chandelier of sil-

ver and gilded copper, presented by Frederic Barbarossa.

The gallery which surrounds the upper portion of the chapel was originally adorned by columns of porphyry, said to have been taken from the Greek exarch's palace at Ravenna. These were carried to Paris by the French, and, when restored, some were missing. Their number having been made complete by the munificence of the King of Prussia, they were being replaced at the time of my visit. In this gallery stands the marble throne on which the body of Charlemagne rested in the tomb, and which was afterward used at the coronations of the German emperors. It was not without reluctance, and a feeling as if I were committing a sacrilegious act, that I followed the invitation of my guide to place myself upon it. It is composed of plain slabs of white marble, which were covered during the coronations with plates of gold, embossed with figures, which are still preserved in the sacristy.

The interior of the choir, which opens from the dome, though it does not harmonize with the more ancient part of the building, is in itself magnificent by the boldness and lightness of its construction. It is 80 feet long, and 114 feet high; its tall windows reach to the very roof, and there is so little interval between them, that the ponderous vault seems to rest upon their frail support.

On the right of the choir is the sacristy, which contains relics of saints whose value will be dif-

ferently estimated by different persons. These are contained in shrines and reliquaries, which all will acknowledge to be of inestimable price, on account of the beauty of their designs, the richness of their materials, their great antiquity, and the names of those who have presented them to the Cathedral.

The relics are divided into two classes, the great and the little. The first, or "Grossen Reliquien," are shown to the people once in seven years; in the interval they are only exhibited to crowned heads. The "Kleinen Reliquien," or little relics, are not so sacred, and a fee to the sacristan procures a view of them to all, whether orthodox or heretic. The names of these relics would perhaps excite derision; perhaps "make the judicious grieve." In either case, I prefer to confine myself to the precious works of mediæval art in which they are contained, and to the other curiosities, of unquestionable authenticity, which the Cathedral-treasure boasts. The relics, indeed, have an historical interest for those to whom they possess no other, since they were presented to Charlemagne by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, by the Emperor of Constantinople, and by Haroun-al-Raschid.

Those of Charlemagne himself are undoubtedly authentic. They consist of his scull, apparently of immense size, though it is impossible to judge with accuracy, as only a small portion of it can be seen through its rich case; the bones of one of his arms, enclosed in a casket of silver-gilt, given by Louis XI. of France; and a tibia, or bone of the

leg. The emperor's hunting-horn, made of an elephant's tusk curiously carved, attached to a belt of crimson velvet, bearing the motto "Mein Ein," "*mine and the only one*," embroidered in gold, is also shown, together with a fragment of the true cross, enclosed in a golden casket, which he constantly wore round his neck.

When the priest opened the cabinet that contained the other relics, the display of riches was dazzling. The doors of this cabinet are covered with ancient and well-executed paintings, attributed to Albert Durer. The "Grossen Reliquien" are contained in a reliquary of silver-gilt, of great size, incrusted with gems, and formed on the model of a Gothic Cathedral. This was a gift from the Emperor Otho the Third. In another of smaller size, given by Frederic Barbarossa, the remains of Charlemagne were at one time placed. The most ancient of these works of art is a golden cross, two feet in height, given by the Emperor Lothaire. This is covered with engraved stones, and has in the centre of it an antique cameo, representing Augustus. Here, too, as I have already said, are the plates of gold which covered the marble throne. There is also in this rich cabinet an ostensoir, the opening in which, where the host is placed, is surrounded by a gorgeous star of rose-diamonds. I vainly endeavoured to obtain a catalogue of all these treasures, and in describing them have to trust to memory, aided by such meager notices as I have been able to find. I only remember particularly

two other works which are of more modern date: one, a beautiful shrine of silver-gilt, given by Charles the Fifth, and the other its pendant, but still more magnificent, said to be imitated from the Cathedral of Milan, and a present from Philip the Second of Spain. All these objects were transported to Munich during the French Revolution, and, having thus escaped the destructive fury of that era, form a collection which I should imagine to be altogether unequalled in its kind.

Leaving the Münsterkirche, I strolled about the city, now deserted by its gay visiters, and soon found myself in front of the Hotel-de-Ville, or Rathhaus, which occupies the highest ground in Aix-la-Chapelle. It is an ancient building, having been erected in 1353, the same year as the choir of the Cathedral. Its appearance is majestic, and the strange Oriental style of its towers gives it a peculiar effect. One of these is said to be partly of Roman construction, and the whole edifice occupies the site of the palace which the Normans destroyed.

This building is also remarkable for having been the scene of the two most recent of the three diplomatic conferences by which Aix-la-Chapelle has been distinguished. The first of these happened in 1668, when ambassadors from the principal European nations met here to effect an accommodation between France and Spain, which was concluded in the same year. The second convention took place in 1748, in which again most of the

states of Europe participated; and in 1818 occurred the celebrated Congress by which was arranged the general pacification of Europe, after the wars of the French Revolution. On this occasion there were assembled here the emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, Prince Metternich, and a vast number of other noble and illustrious persons.

In the market-place before the Rathhaus is a fountain, ornamented by a bronze statue of Charlemagne, which was cast more than five hundred years after his death, and hardly reproduces that physical conformation, if the chroniclers give us a true description.

"He was a man of large frame and tall stature; he was seven feet in height by the measure of his foot; his head was round, his eyes large and projecting, and so clear that when he was enraged they shone like carbuncles; his nose was large and straight, and rather high in the middle; his hair brown, his face red, lively, and cheerful; he possessed such strength that he straightened with ease three horse-shoes all together, and raised an armed knight on his palm from the ground breast-high; with his sword Joyeuse he cleft a knight in armour; in every limb he was well proportioned; he was six spans around his waist, without including the buckle of his belt."*

The measurement here given makes Charlemagne very tall, and of gigantic members, partic-

* Chronique de St. Denis, in Capefigue's "Charlemagne."

ularly if, as was probably the case, he inherited from his mother Bertha, besides her majestic figure, a peculiarity from which she derives, in the old romances, the title of "Berthe aus grans piés."

These two buildings, the Cathedral and the Rathhaus, with its fountain, are the only edifices within the city with which reminiscences of the great Emperor of the Franks are connected. Beyond the walls, however, stands the Castle of Frankenburg, a spot on which History and Fiction combine to bestow an interest. In this castle, or, rather, in that which heretofore occupied its site (for hardly any of the original structure is supposed to remain), Charlemagne long resided, and here he mourned the loss of his wife Fastrada, with such bitter grief that his courtiers dreaded its effect upon his reason.

A romantic tale ascribes the love which he bore the empress to a magic ring which she wore. Turpin the Wise, having discovered this, removed it from her finger, upon which the emperor's affection was immediately transferred to him, till Turpin, finding the weight of honours with which he was incontinently loaded rather burdensome, threw the ring into the lake which lies at the foot of the rock on which the castle is built. Charlemagne, as the legend runs, forthwith conceived a most extraordinary predilection for this spot; and to the influence of the ring was owing, according to the romance, the fondness with which he regarded Aix-la-Chapelle, and which induced him to make it his capital.

I shall conclude this chapter with a few words on the mineral springs of Aix, or, as it is called in German, Aachen. These springs, of which the adjoining city itself possesses six, exclusive of those in the town of Borcette, are said to contain a larger proportion of sulphur than any others known in Europe. The principal one, which bears the name of "Kaiserquelle," or "the Emperor's Spring," has a temperature of 134°. The water is conducted from it to a structure called "Fontaine Elise," or "Elisenbrunnen," in honour of the present Queen of Prussia. This edifice consists of a Doric colonnade, with a semicircular projection in the centre, beneath which the water falls into a marble basin. Above it is a bust of the queen by the sculptor Tieck.

Grouped around this fountain and the various others are the buildings which are generally seen at a watering-place, a great number of hotels and bath-houses, a handsome theatre, and a "Redoute," as it is called, where balls and concerts are given, and gambling carried on under the protection of the government!

On all these objects, which constitute the modern attractions of Aix, I cast but a passing glance. My thoughts were with the past.

CHAPTER III.

Belgian Railroads.—Château de Franchimont.—Description of Spa. — Its History. — Cascade of Coo. — Grotto of Remouchamps. — Château de Montjardin. — Château d' Amblève.—Quatre Fils Aymon.—Inslenville.

On the 17th of August I left Aix-la-Chapelle for Spa. The railway on which I journeyed, having ascended an inclined plane of 3500 metres* in length, traverses the valley of the Greule, on a magnificent viaduct, which presents a double range of lofty arches, one above the other. But it is on the Belgian side of the frontier that the greatest difficulties in the construction of the road have been successfully encountered. After passing on the left a crumbling pile of ruinous walls and dwellings, which once was Limbourg, capital of the duchy of the same name, but now united to the province of Liége, we descend into the valley of the Vesdre. Here steep precipices, half concealed by foliage, alternate at every instant with meadows and level fields. This disposition of natural beauties is very captivating to an artist, but not so to an engineer, except as affording an opportunity for the display of his skill. In fact, the section of railway between Liége and the Prussian frontier has been the most expensive and difficult

* A metre is 39·371 English inches.

to construct of all the iron roads which cover Belgium like a network.

The Belgians are justly proud of their railroads, and they claim the honour of having been the first of European nations to establish in this way a complete system of internal communication. Of the nine provinces which compose the kingdom, there is but one, Luxembourg, which is not thus consolidated with the rest.

It must be acknowledged, however, that in general the country afforded singular facilities for their construction. In the level plains of East and West Flanders, scarcely anything more was required than to lay the rails upon the ground. Thus, if we take the centre line of road from Ostend to Cologne, the difference of level from Ostend to Mechlin, which is the central point of the Belgian system, is but 6 metres in a distance of $25\frac{1}{2}$ leagues of 5000 metres each. From Mechlin the ascent is continual and uninterrupted to the station of Ans, which is 166 metres above the level of Mechlin. The distance between these two stations is $17\frac{3}{4}$ leagues. Here the road suddenly descends by two inclined planes into the valley of the Meuse, and arrives at the station of Liége, which is 109 metres below the level of Ans, and exactly at the same level as Cologne. From Liége the road constantly ascends along the valley of the Vesdre to the Prussian frontier, a distance of 9 leagues, where, exactly on the line between Belgium and Prussia, is the highest point of the road, 253 me-

tres above the level of the sea, Ostend being 5, and Cologne 68 metres above that level. From this highest point the descent is uninterrupted to Cologne.

From the frontier to Liége the road traverses no less than 18 tunnels, and crosses the Vesdre 19 times.

The bridges and viaducts are of a character truly monumental; fine hewn stone is the only material that has been used. They form a series of public works of which any nation might be proud, and are certainly highly creditable to this little kingdom of four million inhabitants. In Belgium the government retains the entire charge of both the construction and the management of the railroads, a system preferable in many points of view to that of surrendering them to speculative companies, which prevails in England and the United States.

After Limbourg I passed the busy town of Verviers, whose cloth factories were estimated in 1833 to employ no less than 40,000 operatives, but are now in rather a declining state, from the want of a sufficient market.

From the station of Pépinster,* where the Hoigne flows into the Vesdre, a cross-road leads to Spa, passing through a profound ravine, till, after traversing the village of Theux, it reaches a basin

* The termination "ter," which signifies "habitation," would seem to indicate that this place had been the residence of one of the Pepins.

among the hills, where the Wayai, the little mountain-stream which flows through Spa, unites its waters with those of the Hoigné. At the very point where they meet stands the castle of Franchimont, a vast construction, supposed to have been raised by the Franks.

The summit of a hill, which rises almost in the centre of the basin, has been converted into a spacious platform, whose precipitous sides, formed of immense masses of masonry, rise to the height of 50 or 60 feet. The ruins of the castle stand on this surface. The walls, rudely constructed of small unhewn stones, are in some places 16 feet in thickness. The platform beneath is pierced in every direction with subterranean passages, choked up, for the most part, by the rubbish which has fallen from above.

Franchimont is a sacred name in the annals of freedom, on account of the heroic devotion of a little band of her sons, who sacrificed themselves in a desperate struggle against tyranny.

In the year 1468, when Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and Louis the Eleventh of France, besieged Liége with an army of 40,000 men, the city, whose walls Charles had razed to the ground the year before, whose nobles and knights had all perished in battle, was soon reduced to the greatest distress. Six hundred brave men of Franchimont formed almost the whole garrison. These, seeing the fate which impended over the town, undertook a daring enterprise. They penetrated by night to

the very centre of the besiegers' camp, with the hope of killing or making prisoners the Duke and the King of France, and had almost succeeded in their bold attempt, when the alarm was given, and they were surrounded and slaughtered to a man. The next day the hostile troops entered the city without encountering any resistance, and the Duke of Burgundy afterward laid waste the marquisate of Franchimont with fire and sword. Sir Walter Scott has availed himself of this intrepid action of the Franchimonters to produce the dénouement of Quentin Durward.

After passing Franchimont the road enters Spa by a noble avenue, nearly two miles long, shaded by a quadruple range of trees. This pretty village was, during the last century, probably the most celebrated watering-place in Europe, and still attracts, during the summer months, a large concourse of visiters* by the fame of its mineral springs, the water of which contains a large proportion of iron. Being, at the same time, highly charged with carbonic acid gas, it is not disagreeable to the taste.

The principal mineral spring of Spa, situated in the centre of the town, is called the "Pouhon," a word supposed to be derived from "Pouhir," which, in the dialect of Liége, has the same signification as the French "puiser," "to draw water." It is covered by a heavy colonnade, where

* The official list of visiters at Spa for the season of 1844 amounted to 4958, of whom 952 were English, and 19 Americans.

a pompous Latin inscription attests that Peter the First, by the grace of God Emperor of the Russians, Pious, Fortunate, Invincible, drank the waters of Spa in the year 1717, and owed to them, particularly to the fountain of Géronstère, his renewed health and vigour.

The Géronstère is situated out of the town, at the distance of a league from the Pouhon. At about the same distance, in another direction, is the Sauvenière. These are the three principal fountains. There are others in the neighbourhood, but they are either altogether abandoned or but little frequented.

The Sauvenière is situated near a wood, where walks are tastefully laid out. These were constructed in 1787 by the children of the Duchess of Orleans for the amusement of their mother, who recovered her health by the use of the waters. One of these children was the Duc de Chartres, now Louis Philippe, King of the French, by whose orders a monument has recently been erected here, bearing the following beautiful inscription:

A LA RECONNAISSANCE.

Au mois d'Avril, 1787, les eaux de la Sauvenière ayant rétabli la santé de Madame la Duchesse d'Orléans; ses enfants ont voulu consacrer le souvenir d'un évènement si cher à leurs cœurs, en érigeant ce monument au bout du bois dont ils avaient eux-mêmes tracé et fait les allées pour la promenade de leur mère cherie.

Ce monument, détruit le 6 Decembre, 1792, a été rétabli par ordre de sa majesté, Louis Philippe 1^er^, Roi des Français le 1^er^, Juillet, 1841.

The custom with those who make a business of taking the waters is to repair every morning betimes to the Pouhon, whence they visit in succession each of the others. Thus exercise and the mountain air combine, with the salutary influence of the waters, to expedite the cure. For those who are indisposed to this exertion, other promenades are laid out within the village, called, respectively, "Promenade de Quatre heures," and "Promenade de Sept heures," from the time of the day at which they are frequented. Overhanging the latter is the mountain of Annette and Lubin, where resided that interesting pair, whose history Marmontel has related in a pleasing manner in one of his Moral Tales, though he has taken the liberty of transporting them to the banks of the Seine.

These salubrious springs, where Nature proffers an easy and painless cure to disease, seem, in ungrateful return for her favours, to be generally selected throughout Europe for the establishment of gambling-houses. Here, as in other places, not far from the principal spring, rises the Redoute, an extensive pile of building, embracing within its ample walls a theatre, a café, a ballroom, and a spacious saloon, where the votaries of "trente-et-un" and "roulette" resort. This is the only place in

Belgium where gambling is openly tolerated by government.

There is an art for which Spa has long been famous, whose productions are diffused throughout Europe, and even find their way occasionally to us in America—the art of painting in water-colours on wood. This material, having been first steeped for a few days in the mineral water, thence acquires a grayish or slate-coloured tint, together with the necessary hardness for the purposes of the artist. The painting is then finally highly varnished, to preserve it from destruction. An infinity of small articles ornamented in this way—screens, snuff-boxes, dressing-cases, and elegant trifles of all sorts, are here offered for sale, and they form no inconsiderable source of wealth to the inhabitants of the village, as they are estimated to bring a return of one hundred and fifteen thousand francs per annum.

A brief glance at the history of Spa may not be uninteresting. The name Spa signifies, in the old French language, "fountain." Its waters, though undoubtedly known long before to the inhabitants of the country, began to enjoy an extended reputation only towards the end of the sixteenth century. The first person of distinction who visited them was Louis de Gonzague, Duc de Nevers, in 1576. Alessandro Farnese, prince of Parma, the greatest general of his age, whose valour and address regained all the Belgic provinces for Philip the Second, came hither to recruit his exhausted strength in the year 1589. In the next century a

crowd of distinguished persons resorted to these springs, among whom was Charles II. of England, then an exile. The eighteenth century, however, was the most brilliant period at Spa. Peter the Great having here recovered his health in 1717, the afflux of visiters became so great that the Emperor Joseph the Second, who visited this watering-place in 1781, called it "the Café of Europe." Public gaming-tables were first established here in 1763, by a private company, under the authority of the Prince-Bishops of Liége, who enjoyed a per centage on their profits, which per centage amounted in 1774 to eighty thousand florins per annum. In 1784 commenced a series of troubles, excited by some individuals, who, jealous of the large gains acquired by the proprietors of the privileged tables, attempted to establish a gambling-house of their own. These discontents continued till the year 1789, when the ill-judged reforms of Joseph II. threw his Belgic provinces into a state of insurrection. The malecontents at Spa immediately joined the insurgents. The old order of things was for a short time restored by the Austrian army in 1791, but being defeated and driven beyond the Rhine in 1794 by the French, the Bishopric of Liége, with the rest of Belgium, was incorporated into the French Republic.

This spot has always been a favourite resort of the English, and still continues to attract many of that nation. It seems, indeed, to be gradually recovering its former popularity. During the pres-

ent season it was the residence of two illustrious personages, both of royal blood, both exiles, and exiles for the same cause. One was an Infanta of Spain, daughter of Don Francisco de Paula, who, having married, against the wishes of her family, a Polish count, bearing the melodious title of Gurowsky, is in disgrace and banishment; and the other the Prince of Capua, with his bride the fair Penelope, for whose sake he finds himself in a similar predicament, since his brother, the King of Naples, absolutely forbids his return to that kingdom.

The environs of Spa are remarkably beautiful. Situated on the very verge of the Ardennes, it is enclosed by hills of considerable elevation, along whose woody sides walks have been traced in every direction for the gratification of visiters. Here the mountain ash grows luxuriantly, displaying in abundance its rich scarlet berries. At various points pavilions and seats appear, which command delightful views over the valley. Beyond the summits of these hills, extensive waste lands of a marshy soil, intersected by deep ravines, stretch far and wide. These are called, in the language of the country, "Les Hautes Fagnes," or the High Marshes. They are covered with a sort of heath, which, bearing a profusion of purple blossoms, communicates its peculiar tint to the entire landscape. The rock itself, when visible, has the same colour, derived from an admixture of iron.

Nothing can have a more singular or striking appearance than these wide table-lands, whose

loneliness is only diversified by rude crosses, placed at intervals along the road, bearing the awe-inspiring inscription, "Priez pour les Trépassés"—Pray for the Departed!

It was a gloomy morning when I set out across the Fagnes to visit the Cascade of Coo. The endless heaths looked the very picture of desolation. The heavy rains, which had lately fallen, had made the mountain roads almost impassable to anything but the little Ardennes pony on which I was mounted, one of those active and docile creatures which are so much in request at Spa for making excursions to the various picturesque but not very accessible objects in the neighbourhood.

The cascade is about three leagues to the south of the town. At this point, the River Amblève, meeting in its course a rocky barrier of considerable height, but no great breadth, is forced to make a long sweep around a mountain, until it returns to a point not 100 yards from where it began this circuit; but its channel having been all the while descending with a gradual slope, it is now some 50 feet lower on this side than on the opposite. Standing on the wall of rock which intervenes, you see the same river, on one side flowing in one direction, on the other running in a course directly opposite, and at the same time 50 feet below its former bed. Here, then, the hand of Art has attempted to improve on Nature, and by cutting through this narrow wall, so as to divert a portion of the upper stream directly into the lower, has formed a beautiful cascade.

A bridge is thrown directly across the chasm. No sooner does a stranger arrive there than he is beset by a crowd of old women, who have devised an original mode of making money by means of dogs, which they throw into the river, in order that he may see them carried down the fall and regain the bank on the opposite side. I am sorry to confess that I gave encouragement to this cruel practice, which makes the place the Paradise of old women and the Hell of dogs.

The Grotto of Remouchamps is another of the wonders of Spa. After again traversing the solitary heaths, I descended at length into a charming valley, through which runs the Amblève, having reached this point in its winding course from Coo. Following its bank, I soon reached the mouth of the cavern, which penetrates the limestone rock to a considerable distance, enlarging at intervals into chambers, whose walls glitter in places as if set with gems. Beautiful stalactites are also seen, as well as various grotesque shapes, to which, as usual, the guides have given appropriate names.

Immediately opposite to the entrance of this cavern, on the other side of the stream, the lovely pleasure-grounds and verdant woods of Montjardin contrast strangely with the old chateau, converted into a modern residence. Perched on the summit of a dizzy precipice, rising boldly from the water's edge, enclosed on every side, except towards the river, by a luxuriant growth of wood, its turrets and steep oldfashioned roof, bearing at

each extremity a huge elaborate ornament of iron, produce a singular and beautiful effect. The drawing-room windows look plumb down into the river, flowing some 200 feet beneath. What a fine opportunity for a distracted lover to exhibit himself in an affecting attitude before a hard-hearted mistress!

Following the bank of the river for about a league farther, suddenly the ruins of the Castle of Amblève broke upon the sight. The stream here makes a sharp bend, and at the very point where it turns, there shelves upward, at an acute angle, to the height of 300 feet, the rock on which the castle is built. At this distance one massive tower is alone visible: half of it had fallen, so that the whole interior was exposed to view. On approaching more nearly, the vast size of this ancient stronghold of the De la Marck's became apparent. It occupied the whole crest of the rock, which is almost as inaccessible on the inland side as towards the river. This elevated position commands a delightful prospect. On the right hand and on the left, the valley of the Amblève spreads out before the eye, backed by rugged hill-sides, and still terminated in the distance by the purple heaths.

The origin of this castle is lost in antiquity, yet it is mentioned in history 1100 years ago, when it was the residence of the kings of Austrasia. Among the country-people it goes by the name of "the Castle of the four sons of Aymon." The old French romance called "The History of the Four

Sons of Aymon, right noble and valiant Knights," is very ancient, and one of the most popular in existence. This Aymon was Prince of the Ardennes, and the story consists chiefly of contests between his four sons and Charlemagne, who was fired with an implacable vengeance against them, because Regnaut, the eldest, had killed the emperor's nephew, Berthelot, by striking him on the head with a chess-board of massive gold. Truly, as the romancer assures his readers, the history of King Alexander does not contain as many memorable deeds as the Quatre Fils Aymon performed, and especially Regnaut, who was the tallest man in the world, and distinguished himself particularly by the good-will with which he destroyed the pernicious sect of Saracens. In some of the straits to which they were reduced, the prowess of the four brothers would have availed them little, had it not been for the assistance of their cousin, the enchanter Maugis, and the horse Bayard, who could run like a stag 10 leagues without stopping, lived as well on roots as other horses on oats, and could understand language almost as well as a man. The name is still a favourite here, though given to horses which have often but little of the merit of their prototype.

Leaving Spa on the 22d, I retraced my route to Pépinster, passing on the left the country-seat called Juslenville. It is now about two centuries since an eccentric character inhabited this spot, who has left behind him a tradition which forms

part of the archives of Spa. He was an English nobleman, and his mode of life was as follows: He passed the first ten days of each month without eating or drinking, remained alone in his chamber, and spoke to no one, not even to his wife; one domestic only could see and address him with impunity. The ten following days he rose before the dawn, went to drink the water of the Pouhon, then set out to hunt, accompanied by a numerous cavalcade, and returned home exhausted with fatigue. He then devoured what would have satisfied three men, and drank much strong wine. Immediately after the repast he returned to the chase, and he supped in the same manner he had dined. The whole day long he kept eating different kinds of sweetmeats, dried pears, and prunes, which a servant carried behind him in a large bag. He finished the month, either at Juslenville or at Spa itself, in giving himself up to music and in squandering immense sums. He gave to those he met silk stockings, hats with plumes, and valuable gloves, of which he had three boxes full. If a musician performed an air which pleased him, he would make him a present of 15 or 20 ducats. He used to throw three or four crowns to a single poor man; he would force the noblemen of the Low Countries to accept horses of great swiftness, and he offered his mantle and clothes to the first comer. Whether this original died of indigestion, committed suicide on some sad November day, or returned to his native land and was gazetted as a bankrupt, the legend does not say.

From Pépinster to Liége the railroad still pursues the charming valley of the Vesdre, covered in every direction with neat factories and elegant country-houses. Among the latter, the most conspicuous is "Les Masures," a good specimen of the gingerbread Gothic, or florid Cockney style, belonging to M. Biolley, a wealthy cloth-manufacturer of Verviers, who has lately been empowered by his majesty to prefix to his name the title of "Vicomte."

Having passed the village of Chaudfontaine, famous for its warm springs, and a favourite resort of the Liégeois, I arrived at Liége.

CHAPTER IV.

History of Liége.—Situation.—Churches.—Palace of the Prince-Bishops.—Quentin Durward.—University.—Grétry.—Excursion to Maestricht.—Subterranean Quarries.

Liége is the great armory of Belgium; the iron and coal which abound in its neighbourhood give life to the manufacture of fire-arms, which forms the chief employment of a population of upward of 72,000. The narrow and gloomy streets have more than the ordinary filth of a manufacturing town, and hence the beautiful situation of Liége can only be appreciated from the summit of one of the hills which encircle it. From the citadel, which crowns the heights of Sainte Walburge, the whole city is seen, spread out like a map before you.

But let us first abstract ourselves from the present for a moment, and see what has happened here in former times to clothe with interest this confused mass of towers and roofs.

The history of this city, from the thirteenth to the end of the eighteenth century, is hardly anything more than a recital of the bloody insurrections of the people against their prince-bishops, feeble rulers, half ecclesiastical, half secular, and whose conduct was often neither religious nor princely. These were little able to restrain so ferocious and insolent a mob as the good citizens of Liége, whose

manners, as well as those of their rulers, may be imagined from the following narration:

In 1407 the citizens expelled their bishop, John of Bavaria, and chose another in his place. A tedious warfare ensued between the rightful prince and his revolted subjects. At length the former, becoming weary of the controversy, wrote a conciliatory letter to the insurgents, promising to forget the past if they would return to their duty. The citizens replied to this friendly appeal by returning the semblance of a letter, formed of the bark of a tree, to which were appended seven seals of cow-dung: an act which disgraced them, and ought so to have been considered by a royal mind. The prince, however, revenged himself for this insult by hanging a number of his prisoners, and tearing out the eyes of six or seven others, whom he sent into the enemy's camp with a one-eyed man for their guide. The Duke of Burgundy having now come to his assistance, a pitched battle took place on the plains of Othée, near Tongres, and the rebels were defeated with horrible carnage, nearly 20,000 of their number being left dead upon the field.

On another occasion three hundred nobles were burned to death in the Church of Saint Martin, where they had vainly sought refuge against the popular fury.

Traits of ferocity like this disfigure every page of the history of the Liégeois; in the fierce struggles of the communes against their rulers, the excited

passions of the mob often urged them to acts of savage, relentless cruelty, punished generally by stern vengeance on the part of their ecclesiastical princes. This serves to throw a gloomy shade upon the annals of the town; yet in these sanguinary contests appears the first germe of civil liberty, a golden fruit, only to be won by such rude efforts, and after many a bitter repulse.

Looking now from this bastion, the sight ranges over the whole fertile valley of Liége, bounded by hills on every side. The charming environs of the "Queen of the Meuse" recall to mind the prophetic exclamation of St. Monulphe, when chance had led him to this spot, while all was yet uninhabited. Struck with the beauty of the scene, "Behold!" he cried, "the place which the Lord has chosen for the salvation of a great number, and which he will yet make a city equal to the greatest. We will ourselves build here a chapel in honour of the blessed saints Cosmo and Damien." That chapel was the beginning of Liége.

See how the silver Meuse pursues its course through the whole length of the valley. Two bridges cross it where it passes through the city. That nearest to us is the famous Pont des Arches, where the French defeated the Austrains in 1794. A third bridge in the distance is that of Val Benoît, a noble structure recently erected for the railroad.

Liége still vindicates her claim to the title of "eldest daughter of Rome" by the number and magnificence of her churches, though the old Ca-

thedral has disappeared, razed to the ground during the French Revolution. Directly beneath us is the Church of St. Barthélémy, one of the most ancient buildings in the city. Its twin towers, four-sided, and each side terminating in a gable, look forlorn and mouldering, as if worms had gnawed the solid stone. They have stood there for more than 800 years. Ha! there is life yet in those old towers; their chimes are beginning to play a merry tune, which sounds like a cheerful voice in an aged frame. They will yet last for centuries; the works of our ancestors outlive our degenerate productions in the same proportion that the lives of the first men exceeded ours.

A little to the right of this church, and dating from about the same period, is that of Sainte Croix, with her graceful octagonal tower. Both these churches were built before the period of the Gothic, or, as it is here better called, "Ogival" arch, and the portions which have remained unaltered by succeeding architects are curious studies for the antiquary. More distant still stands the Church of St. Martin, a chastely elegant Gothic edifice, rebuilt in 1542, after the catastrophe in which, as I have related, three hundred nobles perished among its burning ruins. As we descend from the Citadel, we will enter for a moment and admire the constellation of painted windows which adorns the apsis of the choir, and the bas-reliefs in the Chapel of the Fête-Dieu, the immortal work of a native sculptor, Delcour. This festival, which gives its name

to this chapel, is called, also, "Corpus Christi," and is celebrated in honour of the body of Christ essentially present in the Eucharist, was instituted here, and solemnized for the first time A.D. 1264.

The interior of the Church of St. Jacques is the glory of Liége. It is one of the most elegant monuments in Europe, belonging to the last and most florid period of the pointed style. Here, however, I prefer to imitate the example of a judicious writer* while translating his words :

"I dare no longer speak of the effect produced on me by this grand religious architecture of the Middle Ages. They have so heaped up commonplaces, cloudy and frantic phrases on the flight of arches, the sublime obscurity of naves, the radiant visions of painted windows, that I remain mute in the presence of these objects, in spite of the emotion which they cause me."

This church contains an architectural curiosity, which is said to have excited the particular admiration of Peter the Great—a double spiral staircase of stone, leading to a little gallery in the choir. The construction of this staircase is such, that two persons can ascend or descend it at the same moment without seeing each other, and the secret has puzzled not only the Czar of Muscovy, but also the most skilful mechanics.

The present Cathedral of Liége is a stately building, and contains a work of art, lately execu-

* De Reiffenberg, quoted in the "Memoire sur l'Architecture Ogivale en Belgique" of Schayes.

ted, which proves that, in one branch of design at least, the Belgians of the present day are not inferior to their forefathers. It is a pulpit of carved oak, fifty-seven feet in height, of indescribable richness of decoration, the work of the sculptor Geefs. It is adorned with bas-reliefs of the same material, and its niches contain marble statues of the size of life.

The people of the Low Countries have always excelled in this art. Under their hands, oak has assumed forms which ought to have been consigned to a less perishable material. Almost every church in Belgium contains interesting, often magnificent specimens of carving, exhibited in pulpits, stalls, and confessionals.

Besides the churches, there is but one of the public buildings of Liége which is worthy of notice. It is the palace of the prince-bishops, now the Palace of Justice, erected by the Bishop Erard de la Marck in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The interior court is quadrangular, and surrounded by a colonnade of sixty pillars of the most grotesque form, bulging like a balustrade, and carved with arabesques. Grim or laughing faces peer out from the sculptured leaves which form their capitals, monsters of all sorts crawl around them; in a word, the fancy and invention of the architect seem to have been exhausted in these conceits, no one of which resembles another.

The palace of the prince-bishops! What associations are connected with that name! The mind

turns from History to revel in the domain of Romance with Quentin Durward, and the gentle Isabelle de Croye, the Bishop Louis de Bourbon, and his murderer William de la Marck, the redoubtable Sanglier.

Sir Walter Scott has, as he himself acknowledges, taken rather more than the usual liberty accorded to novelists, in giving a romantic dress to historical events. This circumstance creates a strange confusion in the mind. One would fain believe a narrative which has all the appearance of truth, and it is hard to convince one's self that the "good bishop" was, in fact, a weak and profligate young man, who was slain, not at the festive board, but in open battle, bearing arms, which became not his calling; and that Charles of Burgundy, so far from avenging the death of his priestly relative, had himself perished, five years before, under the walls of Nancy.

The author of Quentin Durward commits another error, of which he does not seem to have been aware, in calling the Liégeois Flemings, and making Flemish the language of Liége, whereas it is the very metropolis of the Walloon dialect.

Liége has always been distinguished for the cultivation of letters, even from the eleventh century, when she bore throughout Europe the title of "Fountain of Wisdom." The Walloon country, of which it is the capital, gives birth, in general, to the literary talent of the kingdom, while her artists, on the contrary, spring from the Flemish provinces.

The University contains rich collections in every branch of science. Its buildings are very extensive, but in an ungraceful style of architecture. The square in front is adorned by a colossal bronze statue of the composer Grétry, who was born here in the year 1741. His works, distinguished by melody and expression, still keep possession of the stage. Two of his operas, "Zémire et Azor," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," have lately been revived at Paris with great success. An air in the latter, "O Richard, o mon roi, l'univers t'abandonne," has attained an historical reputation, from an occurrence which testifies at once the depth of the composer's genius, and the power of his art to move the feelings. Who does not remember the picturesque description which the historians of the French Revolution give of the Orgies of the Gardes du Corps, when the performance of that expressive and popular air excited in them such a phrensy of loyalty, that they drank the health of their insulted king with swords drawn, and, as their enemies asserted, trampled the national colours under foot?

Music often shows its power in times of civil tumult. It was the representation of the opera of Masaniello, or "La muette de Portici," as it is called on the Continent, which excited the first overt acts of the Belgian Revolution of 1830.

I set out on the 25th, though the rain, which had been falling for some time, still continued, with the intention of visiting the subterranean quarries

of Maestricht. For this purpose, I embarked in one of the little iron steamboats, of the smallest possible draught of water, which ply on the Meuse. The banks of the river were half concealed by mist, and the stream itself, swollen and discoloured, ran with an impetuous current, which, aided by the power of steam, carried us down with great velocity. I saw enough of the scenery to prove how beautiful it must appear under a brighter sun: islands and meadows; hills decked with old quaint chateaux; fantastic country-houses; and little villages, older by centuries than our great cities, and richer in reminiscences of the past. Among the latter is Herstal, or Héristal, birthplace of Pépin le Gros, maire du palais, generally called Pépin d'Héristal, and of Pépin le Bref, king of France, the father of Charlemagne, who was himself born here, according to some authorities.

The district which here forms the western bank of the Meuse is the old Hasbagne, the vast domain of Pépin de Lauden, and, in fact, the cradle of the Carlovingian race. It was the habitual residence of those ducs and maires du palais, who, after long enjoying the royal authority without the title, at length assumed that also in the person of Pépin le Bref. Being the original patrimony of the second race of French Kings, it was the frequent resort of the illustrious heroes of that family, of the three Pépins, and of Charles Martel, worthy harbingers of Charlemagne. The emperor himself celebrated the feast of Easter at Héristal

on six distinct occasions, and his son, Louis le Débonnaire, is said to have been born there.

We landed at Maestricht just above the fine stone bridge, built in 1683, which connects the city with the suburb of Wyck, on the opposite side of the river. This city, one of the most strongly fortified places in Europe, still belongs to Holland. Being garrisoned by Dutch troops at the time of the Belgian Revolution, its population did not join the movement, and it was definitively assigned to Holland by the Treaty of London in 1831, which fixed the limits of the two kingdoms.

The hill called St. Pietersberg, or Montagne St. Pierre, rises from the water's edge about a mile to the north of the town. It is chiefly composed of calcareous stone of a light-brown colour, in which organic remains are constantly met with. This stone is so extremely soft as to crumble between the fingers, and attracts moisture on exposure to the atmosphere, so that it is not well-adapted for building; it is used, nevertheless, for this purpose, and the quarries having been worked for a long series of ages, the interior of the mountain has been converted into a labyrinth of passages, supposed to extend beneath a surface of ground six leagues in length by two in width; and so numerous and perplexing are they, that it would be madness to enter them without an experienced guide. Such a one I had, who styles himself on his card, "Premier Connaisseur des Souterrains de la Montagne de St. Pierre," and who had, in

fact, discovered and preserved from death two children who had wandered into the caverns.

Lighting a torch, he proceeded to conduct me through these dark and silent places, the work of men long since passed away. The passages, said to be 2000 in number, are all of sufficient width to admit wagons, and of proportionate height, and they have an issue upon the Meuse, by means of which boats can be loaded directly from the quarry. They have been worked with extreme neatness, the stone being removed in square blocks, which are easily cut out, without its being necessary to resort to blasting or other means. Columns have been left at proper intervals to support the roof.

On the walls are inscribed names of all dates and languages, from the time of the Spanish wars down to the present day. One of the latest inscriptions is the autograph of the King of Holland. In one place the profound stillness is broken by the ceaseless dropping of a spring, which falls from the roof into a rude basin of stone. After wandering through the various avenues for about two hours, I returned to Maestricht, and having viewed the Church of St. Servais, and the open place in front of it, where William de la Marck expiated his crimes beneath the sword of the executioner, I again embarked for Liége.

The difficulty of advancing against the current was now proportioned to the ease with which we had descended the stream, and the rain, which fell in torrents, did not conduce to the pleasure of the

voyage. Arriving at Liége, which looked dingier and more gloomy than ever, the first salutation I received on landing was a demand for my passport, though I had left the city that very morning. On the whole, I retired to rest in a rather misanthropical mood.

CHAPTER V.

Huy.—Namèche.—Tomb of Sybille de Lusignan.—Namur.—Floreffe.—Dinant.—Bouvignes.—Three Ladies of Crèvecœur.—Freyr.—Waulsort.

THE next morning the rain had ceased, and I left Liége in the steamer for Namur, intending to remain a day at Huy. The banks of the Meuse above Liége maintain the same beautiful character as between that city and Maestricht. Here, however, we see at intervals among the cultivated fields great furnaces for smelting iron and zinc, pouring out smoke and lurid flame, and tainting the air with poisonous exhalations for miles around. Among them is Seraing, formerly the summer-palace of the prince-bishops; now, strange transformation! the most celebrated iron-foundry on the Continent—a town in itself, where steam-engines, and all varieties of machinery are made in perfection. Its immense extent may be imagined from the fact that it alone employs 3000 workmen.

Gallantly stemming the current of the river, our little steamer soon came in sight of Huy, whose citadel, built on a towering rock, fronts the stream. Constructed in 1815, this imposing fortress is not, like most others of modern date, half-buried under the surface of the ground, but raises its massive walls high in air. On the narrow strip of land between the foot of the rock and the river stands the church, a majestic structure of the 14th cen-

tury. The town itself is divided by the Meuse into two parts, which are again connected by a very handsome stone bridge of seven arches, built in 1686. These three striking objects, the bridge, the church, and the citadel, form a picturesque scene, which is farther heightened by the hills which crown the banks of the river, on whose slopes the vine begins to appear. Rising from the water's edge on either side are various old buildings, many of them suppressed convents. The whole place is romantic beyond description.

Having enjoyed a comfortable repose under the guns of the citadel, which rises just before my window, I set out early the next morning to examine the church. I passed into its precinct through an ancient portal, above which were sculptured the Nativity, the Wise Men Offering, and the Adoration of the Shepherds, in the boldest relief, the whole surrounded by a rich border with kneeling angels. On entering the building I was forcibly impressed by its majesty. The effect of most of the Belgian churches is spoiled by the manner in which the choir is separated from the rest of the interior. That sacred place, that Holy of Holies, where the priest celebrates the mysteries of the Faith, is generally shrouded from the eyes of the profane by rich screens of brass or marble. It is often even on a different level from the rest of the building, so as to be ascended by steps. In the church of Huy it is not so. The marble pavement extends, a level surface, from

the steps of the altar to the western extremity of the nave, where an elegant rose-window sheds a magical light upon it. The columns which support the roof alone break the long perspective.

Even at this early hour some solitary worshippers were to be seen. Enter a church in Belgium at any time you will, you are sure to find some of the faithful at their devotions. The Roman Catholic religion seems to be firmly established here in the hearts of the people. When the mass is celebrated, the vast Cathedrals are thronged to overflowing; and when the crowd has departed, the altar is still surrounded by kneeling worshippers. Far be it from me to question the purity of such devotion. Be its errors what they may, the church whose doors are ever open to invite our entrance speaks more powerfully to the feelings than our Protestant temples, which from Sunday to Sunday are abandoned to dust and solitude.

Once more embarking on the river, I bade farewell to this romantic spot, which has another claim to notice from having been the place to which Peter the Hermit retired after the object of his mission had been accomplished, and where he died in 1115.

To one who loves the history of the Crusades, this part of Europe is full of interesting reminiscences. The village of Namèche, between Huy and Namur, possesses a remarkable monument of that era—the tomb of the *last* Queen of Jerusalem. On the opposite side of the river the Rocks of Sam-

son tower to a tremendous height. Their summit is crowned by the scanty ruins of a castle. Here died Sybille de Lusignan, its châtelaine, sister of Baldwin the Fourth, mother of Baldwin the Fifth, and wife of Guy de Lusignan, the last of the kings of Jerusalem. She was thus the sister, mother, and wife of kings; but in what an unhappy and distracted realm! The crown of Jerusalem, it is certain, brought but little ease to the head that wore it. In the Church of Namèche I saw her tomb, an ancient sepulchral stone, on which is rudely sculptured a female figure of the size of life, with hands clasped upon her breast, and her feet resting on a dog.

The curé of the village has, with *singular* good sense, erected an altar directly in front of the monument, so that a great part of it is hidden. This circumstance prevented me from deciphering an inscription which surrounds the figure. Those who have had a better opportunity of examining it give it as follows. It is in old French:

"Ici gist ly droite iretaine châtelaine de Samson, qui fut del lignage li roi de Jerusalem; priez por l'asme, que Dieu console."

Here lies the hereditary châtelaine of Samson, who was of the lineage of the King of Jerusalem; pray for the spirit, which may God console.

On a smaller stone by the side of this appears the following, with an illegible date:

"Yci repose les ossemens de Sybille de Lusignant, reine de Yerusaleme, décédée l'an ——.

As you approach Namur, the shores assume a bolder character. Precipices, composed apparently of huge blocks, rudely piled one upon another, constantly border the stream. These are generally ranged in isolated and columnar masses, with hanging woods between, producing a contrast of the most pleasing kind.

A favourite ornament in the gardens along the river is one of the large green bottles which are manufactured to hold sulphuric acid, placed on a pedestal, so as to reflect an agreeable view, to which it gives somewhat of the effect of a Claude Lorraine glass.

The ancient city of Namur is built at the confluence of the Sambre with the Meuse. Its citadel, conspicuous from afar, covers almost as large a space as that occupied by the city itself. The fortress is situated on a boldly rising ground, all cut into artificial slopes, and covered with bastions, lunettes, and every other contrivance of defensive warfare. The next day after my arrival I went over the works with an old soldier of Napoleon, a relic of the "Grand Armée," who limped after me with great activity, in spite of a wound he had received in the foot at the passage of the Beresina. He pointed out to me a little tower as worthy of my particular observation, on account of its having been built by Julius Cæsar; accordingly, I regarded it with profound attention, though rather distrusting the depth of the old man's antiquarian attainments.

Namur contains a fine Cathedral, erected during the last century, and dedicated to St. Aubain. The façade, ornamented by two ranges of Corinthian columns, has a very good effect. The interior is spacious and well proportioned. Behind the great altar I saw a black marble tablet to the memory of Don John of Austria, natural son of Charles the Fifth. This, as the inscription states, was erected in the year 1578, by his nephew, Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, "to the honour of the conqueror at Lepanto, who, when viceroy of the Netherlands under Philip the Second, was carried off by a continued fever, while yet in the bloom of youth." His death took place at the village of Bouges, close to Namur. This tablet, originally placed in the old Cathedral, which occupied the site of the present one, has been carefully restored. Beneath it lie interred the entrails of the prince, the rest of his body having been conveyed to Spain, to repose by the side of his father.

The Jesuit's Church of St. Loup boasts a ceiling which is a perfect miracle of patient labour, composed entirely of stone. A brother of the order, whose name has unfortunately perished, devoted himself to the task of decorating it with carvings, consisting of fruits, flowers, and arabesques, executed with admirable skill, and thickly covering every portion of the vaulted roof. As I strolled about this church, I encountered a curiosity in the shape of an altar, over which presided a paltry image of the Virgin, made of ebony, with

an ivory head: the whole altar was, to use a poetical expression, "instinct with eyes," eyes of silver! for the image, as it appears, enjoys a mighty reputation in curing diseased eyes, and these votive offerings evince the gratitude of the patients.

The city of Namur is chiefly distinguished for the manufacture of fine cutlery, which is at present, however, in a declining state. Since the establishment of the Zollverein, its products are stated to have diminished by more than one half. The province is fertile, in spite of its generally mountainous surface. Beneath the soil iron abounds, and lead is met with in some places. Slate is found, and beautiful marble of different colours is quarried along the banks of the Meuse, and in other places in the vicinity.

The immediate environs of the city are charming. Floreffe is a village in the neighbourhood, to which I made an agreeable afternoon's excursion. Here stands an ancient abbey, whose extensive buildings, of the most picturesque and fantastic construction, rise from a terrace which overhangs the Sambre. Everything is in perfect preservation, as it is now converted into a seminary for priests. The interior of the church, rebuilt during the last century, is even more chastely magnificent than that of the Cathedral at Namur. Throughout its vast length, Corinthian pillars and walls of pure white contrast admirably with the pavement of variegated marble. Entering the choir, on either hand a long train of prophets and kings, carv-

ed in solid oak, separate the stalls from one another.

I was much interested by the decorum which appeared to reign throughout the establishment, from the reverend fathers, who returned my salutation with formal politeness, down to the official who conducted me through the apartments. All spoke in slow and measured accents, with solemn countenance and grave deportment, which harmonized well with the antique air of the old abbey. I could fancy them to be of the number of those Jesuits of old, who, whatever may have been their faults, always maintained the character of pure and conscientious instructers of the young, and laboured in that vocation with a zeal which almost atoned for the crimes of such of their brethren as thrust themselves into the councils of kings.

On the 30th of August I travelled from Namur to Dinant on foot, a mode of conveyance which is by universal consent particularly suited to lovers of the picturesque. Nor had I reason to regret having adopted it; for between these two places the valley of the Meuse displays all its characteristic beauties, in every possible combination of cliff, meadow, stream, and forest; and again, when I left the immediate banks of the river, the inland country presented to the eye one vast cultivated field, at this season all yellow with the ripe grain: the reapers had begun their work, and labouring sometimes six abreast, were making wide inroads among the crops.

It is an interesting fact, that the mountains of this country gave birth to the artists who first treated landscape painting as a distinct branch, and not as a mere accessory to figures. The region is worthy of having engendered that enchanting art, of which the ancients had no idea.

Towards evening I arrived at Dinant. This town strikingly resembles Huy in its situation. It is compressed, as it were, between the Meuse and the foot of a precipice, which is surmounted by a chateau-fort, built since the battle of Waterloo. A stone bridge crosses the river, and an ancient church, with a spire grotesquely bulging in the middle, rises just under the rock.

Dinant is at present chiefly distinguished for the fabrication of *cakes* of a particular kind, famous throughout the country, and called "Coucques de Dinant!" In the 14th century the place was equally celebrated for the manufacture of kitchen utensils of iron and copper, and works of art in brass, which formed an object of traffic throughout Europe under the name of "Dinanterie."

I have seen (in the Church of St. Barthélémy at Liége) a curious baptismal font of brass, made by a workman of Dinant in the beginning of the 12th century. It is of great size, covered with bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the lives of St. John and John the Baptist, and stands on oxen, like the "molten sea" in Solomon's Temple. Its antiquity is shown by the manner in which the Eternal Father is represented—simply by a hand proceed-

ing from a cloud, which symbol alone was in use down to the 13th century, until the daring irreverence of artists led them to represent the Deity under the form of an old man.

The wealth which the inhabitants of Dinant acquired by this manufacture excited a bitter jealousy in those of Bouvignes, a town on the opposite side of the Meuse. Blood was shed during the quarrel, which lasted for five years, in the course of which the men of Bouvignes erected for their defence a high tower, which they called Crève-cœur, whose ruins still exist, and which was long afterward the scene of a tragical story, which I will soon relate.

The history of Dinant is remarkable for an act of terrible vengeance inflicted on the town by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and his son, Charles the Rash, who then bore the title of Count of Charolois. Louis the Eleventh, having induced the Liégeois and the people of Dinant, which town belonged to the bishopric, to join him in his war against the house of Burgundy, he afterward perfidiously concluded a separate treaty for himself, without providing for his allies. The Liégeois, left to themselves, were soon defeated and brought back to their allegiance; but the inhabitants of Dinant were reserved for a severer punishment.

While the Count of Charolois was making war in France, they had hung him in effigy before the walls of Bouvignes, which belonged to his father

the duke, crying to the inhabitants, "See the pretended son of your duke, the false Count of Charolois, whom the King of France has hung, or will hang, as he is here shown. He calls himself the son of your duke, but he lies; he is only a miserable bastard of Hinsberg our bishop, and your good duchess."

The count swore that he would make them pay dearly for this outrage, and when the peace with Louis was concluded, proceeded to lay siege to Dinant with an army of 30,000 men, Aug. 14, 1466. The townsmen, relying on the aid which they expected from the King of France, laughed, at first, at the great preparations of the count, and the old duke, who was now near his end, and so weak that he had been brought in a litter from Brussels. The duke, anxious to spare them, sent messengers to propose a capitulation, which the besieged not only rejected, but hung the chief of the embassy, who belonged to their rival town, Bouvignes. From the top of their ramparts, in fancied security, they taunted and provoked the Burgundian soldiers, exclaiming,

"What does your old mummy of a duke propose to himself—has he lived so long only to perish here by a miserable death? and your count, what does he want here? Let him rather go and combat at Montlhéri the noble King of France, who will come without fail to help us." They also placed on their walls the figure of a woman spinning, with the inscription,

"Quand de filer cette femme cessera,
Le duc Philippe cette ville aura."

When this woman shall cease to spin,
Philip the duke this town shall win.

But their boasting soon gave place to the deepest anxiety. No succour arrived from France: Louis remained deaf to the supplications of those whom he had deceived by his intrigues. The town was forced to surrender at discretion. For four days it was given up to pillage, and then to the flames. In sight of their burning houses, 800 of the inhabitants were tied back to back, and thrown into the Meuse, and the commandant of the town was hung from the summit of the rock which overhangs the river. Labourers were employed to destroy all that the fire had spared, and four days afterward, as an old historian observes, a stranger, viewing the place where this wealthy town once flourished, might ask, "Where stood Dinant?"*

Children are rarely taught by the experience of their fathers: this bitter lesson, it appears, was lost on a succeeding generation, who, before a hundred years had passed, again let loose their tongues to "rail on the Lord's anointed," and were again, in like manner, punished.

In the year 1554, Henry the Second, king of France, being at war with Charles the Fifth, sent an envoy to Dinant, proposing to the inhabitants to

* I am indebted for many of the facts as well as details, of this narration, to the interesting "Esquisses ou Récits Historiques sur l'Ancien Pays de Liége," by M. L. Polain.

remain neutral; an offer which they declined, politely adding that, if they should get possession of the persons of the King of France, or his general the Duc de Nevers, they would "roast their hearts and livers for breakfast." The duke forthwith invested the town, which was forced to surrender, and again given up to pillage. He next attacked Bouvignes, which was taken by assault.

The tower of Crèvecœur still held out. Among its defenders were three of the most distinguished chevaliers of the country. Their young and beautiful wives had accompanied them to share their peril, and contributed in no slight degree, by their words and example, to encourage the garrison. In the final assault their husbands were slain; burning to avenge their death, they mingled in the desperate contest which was raging at the breach. After signal acts of courage, perceiving that the defenders of the castle had almost all fallen, and that the enemy were endeavouring to take them alive, these three heroines precipitated themselves from the summit of the wall, hand in hand, and perished. Until lately, a yearly commemoration of "the three ladies of Crèvecœur" was celebrated in the parish-church at Bouvignes.

I spent four days at Dinant in exploring its neighbourhood, the natural beauties of which are enhanced by the ruins of several feudal strongholds, such as the castles of Poilvache, Montaigle, and Château Thierry, each a scene of past bloodshed and of present desolation. On the left bank

of the Meuse, between Dinant and the French frontier, is the more modern chateau of Freyr, belonging to the noble family of Beaufort-Spontin, where a famous commercial treaty was concluded between France and Spain, Oct. 25th, 1675.

In the domain of Freyr is a grotto, discovered in 1819, where, in remote times, the goddess Freya, the Venus of the North, is supposed to have been worshipped, and to have given her name to the spot. A long and narrow passage opens into the grotto, which is of no great size, but beautifully adorned with stalactites, and illuminated from above by an aperture in the roof, through which the softened light of day streams with a mysterious effect, like moonlight on heaps of snow. Still nearer to the frontier is Waulsort, now a private residence, but originally a Benedictine Abbey, built in the year 944 by Eilbert, count of Florennes. This nobleman, possessing great wealth, carried his ostentation to such a length as to build seven magnificent chateaux on as many different estates. Being at a fair in Picardy one day, he saw offered for sale a fine horse which belonged to a priest. He bought the horse on the condition that he should not pay for him until a certain day, in order that he might have an opportunity to try the animal. In the mean time, as he was a stranger to the priest, he left with him, as a pledge, a rich piece of jewelry, on which the goldsmith Saint Eloy had engraved the story of the chaste Susanna. The day of payment having arrived, he presented the

sum required, and demanded the restitution of the jewel. The priest denied having received it. The anger of the count was violent; he assembled his vassals, seized upon the town where the priest lived, and burned the church. Repentance followed hard upon the deed. To make reparation for his crime, he rebuilt the church which he had burned, and, as he had formerly erected seven castles, he resolved to build a corresponding number of churches, and among them, one at Waulsort, his ordinary place of residence, with a monastery, which he gave to some monks just arrived from Scotland (who had probably received a hint of what was going on).

Beyond this point I followed the Meuse no farther. From Maestricht to Waulsort I have traced its course, and its delightful banks are imprinted on my memory among those spots of earth where it would seem that man cannot choose but to be happy, so liberally has Nature decked them with her gifts.

Yet this region, like the rich plains of Flanders (the rendezvous of battles), has hitherto been "War's favourite playground;" and even now, a strife equally bitter, though less bloody, is ever raging here—the struggle of Industry against inadequate reward. What else could I think, when I everywhere saw women labouring in the fields, harnessed like beasts, and painfully dragging boats against the current of the river, or trampling with bare feet a mixture of coal-dust and clay, so as to

form a homogeneous mass, which they afterward form into small cakes to be used for fuel?

Vast and intricate as is the problem of the Organization of Industry, feeble and unsatisfactory as have been the attempts hitherto made to solve it, it begins to attract a daily-increasing interest, and will soon occupy the exclusive attention of those who love their fellow-men, and fondly hope for their advancement.

Then this beautiful country may indeed be peopled by a happy race. Nor till then will the Belgians penetrate the full meaning of their excellent motto, Union makes Strength,

L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE.

CHAPTER VI.

Rochefort.—Trou de Hans—St. Hubert.—General Description of the Ardennes.—Walloon People and Language.

I SET out from Dinant on the 4th of September to perform a solitary pilgrimage across the savage tract of the Ardennes. For the last month my ears had been filled with rumours of a great religious festival at Treves, the exhibition of the "Sacred Robe" of Christ, and I had resolved to join the thousands who were directing their steps thither; not that I attribute any virtue to relics, for I have been taught to look upon them as "fond things vainly invented, and grounded on no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God;" nevertheless, I was glad to meet with such an opportunity of observing manners, and witnessing the perpetuation of one of the most interesting institutions of the ancient faith.

I travelled along the eastern bank of the Meuse for a short distance, and then, turning to the right, pursued the valley of the Lesse. Between Dinant and the point where the Lesse empties into the Meuse is a famous rock called "Roche à Bayard." It is a singularly picturesque object, a perpendicular needle or spire, standing on the very brink of the river, and completely isolated at the termination of a wall of cliffs. It derives its name from the noble horse of the Quatre Fils Aymon. Bay-

ard, as the story tells, was thrown into the Meuse, by order of Charlemagne, with a stone tied about his neck; but he broke the stone to pieces with his feet, then swam to shore, and rushed like lightning into the forest of Ardennes, where many people think that he is still living. The marks of his feet were seen of old upon the rock, but were destroyed, as I was informed, at the time when Louis the Fourteenth caused the opening between the cliff and the rock of Bayard to be widened, so as to give space for the road.

The valley of the Lesse is picturesque and fertile as far as the royal villa of Hardenne, and is adorned by many old chateaux and farm-houses. Built while *reminiscences* only lingered from those good old times when private feuds armed every man against his neighbour, and made every mansion a castle, these assumed an intermediate character between a fortress and a peaceful habitation. Their glazed windows are in strange proximity to flanking towers and iron-plated doors. Such edifices are always pleasing features in a landscape, with their high, steep roofs garnished with two or three rows of curious little dormer windows, and with iron pinnacles of every imaginable design; their situation is often such as to add to their effect, as when, for instance, placed on a projecting rock, almost surrounded by a stream.

Hardenne, the farm and hunting-seat of the King of the Belgians, is a plain building, of which about one third is ancient; the rest has been erect-

ed by the present proprietor. The interior is furnished in a style of simple elegance. On a precipice which overhangs the Lesse the king has just built a large and lofty stone tower, called "the Castle of the Rock," which he has lately inhabited for the first time. He has here purchased, from his own private resources, large tracts of waste and forest land, which he is occupied in reclaiming.

As I left this villa and approached the hamlet of Mont Gauthier, the characteristic scenery of the Ardennes began to appear; an open, undulating country, with patches of woodland chiefly occupying the ravines; for this tract, though dignified with the general title of a *forest*, is in many places perfectly bare of trees and underwood, presenting to the eye a monotonous and barren waste. Night was coming on as I arrived at Rochefort, an uninteresting village, overshadowed by the ruins of a castle, from whose walls, in place of a banner, hangs the sign of a notary, who has here established himself, and built a comfortable house, which, as may be imagined, makes a somewhat glaring contrast with the feudal towers which surround it.

It was at Rochefort that La Fayette was made prisoner, in violation of the Law of Nations, by the Austrian advanced posts in 1792: a capture followed by his five years' imprisonment.

There is a remarkable natural phenomenon in the neighbourhood of Rochefort, called the "Trou de Hans." The River Lesse here passes through the very centre of a mountain. Precipi-

tating itself into a gulf at its base, it disappears from view, until it is again seen emerging from the opposite side. The water is supposed to consume one entire day in traversing the secret windings of this passage; for, when it has been agitated and discoloured at its entrance, as after a storm, the effect is not manifest at its issue until after that space of time. It is impossible to follow the course of the stream where it falls into the abyss; at the place of its exit, however, it is comparatively easy to penetrate into a series of caverns which are no doubt among the most curious in the world.

Meeting at Rochefort a party of ladies and gentlemen—one of the latter the son of a distinguished Belgian jurist, whose name is widely known, from his connexion with the Belgian Revolution—I accepted their invitation to join them in an excursion to the spot.

It is necessary to enter the cavern in a boat, advancing for a considerable distance against the current of the river. This entrance might appal weak nerves. We seemed to be intruding with profane curiosity into the mysteries of Nature. The screaming of bats, frightened by the light of our torches, was the only voice of welcome that we heard as we disembarked, and began to thread a rocky path called "the Devil's Passage." It would be impossible to describe all the wonders which now presented themselves to us. The plastic hand of Nature has moulded the rock into every conceivable variety of shape to adorn "The Bower of Proserpine,"

"The Grand Dome," "The Gothic Chapel," "The Frog Gallery," "The Hall of Beetles," "The Hall of Foxes," and an infinity of others, which derive their names from the grotesque forms which the stalactites have assumed.

In one vast cavern, whose walls rise to the height of more than sixty feet, the guide suddenly left our party, and, clambering to a point of rock far above our heads, lighted there a quantity of straw which he had carried with him.

"The sudden blaze far round illumined *Hell!*"

I could compare the effect to nothing so well as to those illustrations of the Paradise Lost, in which the genius of Martin has depicted the infernal regions. We saw the river, at times, flowing at our feet; the next instant it had disappeared, to traverse some hidden channel where the foot of man cannot follow it; perhaps, as Wordsworth imagines, to soothe with its murmurs the anguish of tortured spirits, who, far within the bounds of central earth, pine for lost grace and goodness. It was a relief to issue from these abodes of darkness into the cheerful light of day, and our gayety proved to those who were waiting for our return at the mouth of the cavern that we had not, at least, experienced as lasting an impression from its horrors as those of old who entered the Cave of Trophonius, and, as a consequence, never smiled afterward.

The next day I walked from Rochefort, through a wild and thinly-inhabited country, to St. Hubert, a paltry village, but boasting a church of which

a capital-city might be proud, on account of its size and the magnificence of its interior. It formerly belonged to a rich and ancient abbey; and, possessing the mortal remains of St. Hubert, the patron of hunters and enemy of evil spirits, was one of the most frequented places of pilgrimage in the world. The church is ornamented with a profusion of variegated marble, and the choir contains some tolerable oak carving, the principal figures of which are stags bearing a cross between their antlers.

Saint Hubert, it seems, took great delight in the diversion of hunting. As he was one day pursuing with ardour a stag of extraordinary size, he was surprised to see a crucifix appear between the animal's horns; at the same time, he distinctly heard the following words: "Hubert! Hubert! how long will you pass your time uselessly? Know you not that you were born to know, love, and serve God, your Creator?" Converted by this apparition, he retired from the world into the deep solitude of the Ardennes, abandoning the society of men, as his legend says, to cultivate that of angels. Having filled the episcopal seat of Liege, and performed the usual quantum of miracles, he died in the odour of sanctity. The common people still ascribe to his relics the power of expelling demons, of curing hydrophobia and the bites of venomous animals.

We have now entered the province of Luxembourg, the wildest, the most barren, and the least

populous of Belgium. In consequence of recent political events, about one third of what formerly constituted the province has been dismembered from the rest, to form a grand-duchy for the King of Holland. The portion which has fallen to the lot of Belgium is the least valuable, though the most extensive, and corresponds with tolerable exactness to that tract to which is given the general name of "Ardenne" or "Ardennes."

The forest of Ardennes may be said to extend from the Meuse to the Moselle, covering the frontiers of Prussia, France, and Belgium, and encroaching considerably on the southeastern angle of the latter kingdom. Nature has so marked its limits that the labour of man can produce but little effect in contracting them. Its size has scarcely diminished during 1900 years, for Cæsar* states that it was in his time comprised between the Rhine and the frontiers of the Remi, the eastern boundary of which nation was the River Meuse. At that time only the borders of the forest were inhabited. Feeble tribes dwelt there, dependant upon the Treviri, who occupied the rich valley of the Moselle.

* Cæsar says, "Silvam Arduennam ... quæ ingenti magnitudine per medios fines Trevirorum a flumine Rheno ad initium Remorum pertinet" (Cæs. Comm., lib. v., cap. iii.); and again, "Arduennam Silvam quæ est totius Galliæ maxima atque ab ripis Rheni finibusque Trevirorum ad Nervios pertinet millibusque amplius D in longitudinem patet" (lib. vi., cap. xxix.). The River Meuse formed the eastern boundary of the Nervii as well as of the Remi.

This tract is, in general terms, one vast plateau of schist, its elevated table-lands sometimes attaining the height of 2000 feet above the level of the ocean. For the most part uninhabited and uncultivated, it presents only a dreary succession of heaths, bogs, and forests. Here and there, in the valleys where streams of water flow, a rich vegetation reigns, and humble villages appear at intervals. These little rivers sometimes present pleasing scenes; but, in general, a character of savage wildness or of mournful desolation prevails, as the forests alternate with the open heaths.

The only cultivation of which these open tracts are susceptible is by the method called "incineration." The sod is removed and piled in little heaps, which, having been allowed to dry, are set on fire. The ashes are afterward spread over the surface of the ground. Thus a crop is obtained; but it now becomes necessary to let the land lie fallow for 15 or 20 years, after which the same process has to be gone through with, for the same result.

The wood found on this ungrateful soil is principally oak, whose bark furnishes the material to many tanneries. The trees, though often close set and of ample growth, do not, by their individual size, strike the eye of one who has seen the forests of the New World. In these regions the wild boar still roams at large, and wolves occasionally appear in winter. Deer, foxes, hare, and all kinds of game abound, and the brooks are full of trout, and the little cray-fish called "écrevisses," one of

the greatest delicacies of the country. Such attractions are sufficient to entice many sportsmen to these solitudes, who generally establish their headquarters at St. Hubert. I have already spoken of the Ardennais horses; these are hardy animals, some of them of no mean speed. In ancient times they gave the Treviri the reputation of possessing the best mounted cavalry in Gaul. The mountain sheep of Luxembourg are of very small size, but yield a fine wool.

The Walloons, who inhabit this province, as well as those of Liége, Namur, Hainaut, Eastern Limbourg, and a portion of Brabant, are a race distinct from the Flemings in character as well as in language. Their traits are thus given by an admirable writer, in a work now in the course of publication.*

"This race is of Gaelic origin, as the names of cities, towns, and hamlets attest. It possesses the fire, the courage, the independence, the vivacity, the eloquence of the Celts; black eyes, brown hair, an acute expression of countenance. It gives to Music and Literature the preference over the Arts of Design. It would be wrong, nevertheless, to consider it as completely French; this race appears so to the Teutonic nations, but the French discover in it a Germanic air. Good humour, simplicity, the calm of individual passions, are traits which in reality distinguish this people no less than the Germans. The cold and observing glance

* Alfred Michiels, Histoire de la Peinture Flamande et Hollandaise.

of the Gaelic nations characterizes them not; they cannot, like these, read the depths of the soul; they cannot judge by anticipation, spy out sentiments, foresee intentions. There is a mournful sadness beneath the gayety of the French, a cruel indifference under their attractive manners. The affability of the Germans is more sincere, and the Walloons are like them in this respect. It is certain, moreover, that at the moment when the Roman invasion took place, Teutonic colonies occupied the entire soil of what now forms Belgium, after having expelled the original possessors belonging to the Gallic race. Almost all the institutions which governed the Walloon cities during the feudal epoch were of a German nature. In fine, the provinces just mentioned abound in legends, like the countries beyond the Rhine."

This blending of the German and French character in that of the Walloons is very perceptible. To the order, morality, and industry of the one, they unite the gayety and affability of the other. Even the lowest classes have a tincture of courtly manners; the peasants, when they meet, take off their hats to each other, with every demonstration of mutual respect. An old beggar, on whom I had bestowed a few centimes, offered me his snuff-box with a recommendation of its contents, and another put my Republican simplicity to the blush by addressing me with the title of "Monseigneur." The original Celtic base of the Walloon language was no doubt deeply modified by the German invasion,

It afterward sustained a still more radical alteration from the all-pervading influence of Rome, and, from the number of words of Latin origin thus introduced into it, it has a striking resemblance to the old French. It has, nevertheless, a character peculiar to itself, and an energy of expression is ascribed to it which cannot be imitated in other languages. The Walloon tongue can hardly be said to possess a literature. It boasts some chronicles written in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but at present only popular songs and other trivial works appear in it. French has everywhere supplanted this language in polite society, and it is only heard in its purity in the villages and among the lower orders. A great defect and obstacle to its improvement is found in the variety of its dialects, which differ so widely one from another that the Walloon of Hainaut is unintelligible to a Liégeois, and, strange to say, even the different quarters of the city of Liége vary in their pronunciation.

The similarity which exists between the Walloon and the old French may be seen in the following version of the Lord's Prayer in the former language.

Nos peer kest â cier, santifié se ti nom. Ti royâme nos avieun. Ta volontei so faite en l'terr com â cier. Diné no nos pein k'tidien ajourdhu : et pardon no pechei com no pardonn no detteu. Et nos indus nin en tentation, mein delivre no de mal. Amen.*

* Etudes Historiques et Littéraires sur le Wallon, par Ferd. Henaux.

CHAPTER VII.

Bouillon.—Dutch and Belgian Luxembourg.—Abbey of Orval.—City of Luxembourg.—The Moselle.—Monument of Igel.—Processions.—Treves.

HAVING hired an antique vehicle, called here, by courtesy, a "cabriolet," I left St. Hubert on the 8th. The roads lately constructed throughout the province of Luxembourg are admirable specimens of engineering, and certainly the finest which exist in Belgium. Indeed, the scale on which they have been planned seems hardly warranted by the population or business of this part of the country. I have travelled on these splendid roads for hours without meeting a single individual, much less a vehicle of any description. They appear to have been constructed with exclusive reference to the future, and certainly such perfect means of internal communication must eventually prove of immense advantage to this portion of the kingdom.

I was anxious to see Bouillon, the cradle of that ephemeral dynasty of kings which the knights of the West established on the throne of the Holy City. On the banks of the Meuse I had visited one spot where the preacher of the first crusade spent the closing years of his life; another, where the last Queen of Jerusalem lies buried; and now I beheld the place where its first king, Godfrey of Bouillon, passed his youth. No part of Europe

sent to the Holy Wars more numerous or valiant soldiers than the Flemish or Walloon provinces. Among them Godfrey stands pre-eminent. His is one of the few historical characters which approach perfection. His intrepid valour forms a beautiful contrast to the purity of his heart, and to the modesty which, when the unanimous voice of his companions pronounced him alone worthy of the crown, would permit him to accept no higher title than that of "Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre."

Bouillon is at present a miserable and filthy town of about 3000 inhabitants, situated in a ravine, or, rather, a hole among the rocks. The Semoy, a tributary of the Meuse, flows through it. Entering the ravine from the south, through a rocky portal, the river meanders through a beautiful landscape, in the background of which stands the castle of Bouillon, an uncouth mass of walls and stunted towers, none of them of earlier date than the middle of the sixteenth century. It occupies, nevertheless, the site of the original castle of Godfrey, and beneath the present buildings are gloomy dungeons, of a vast antiquity, hewn out of the solid rock. My guide showed me here an excavation called "Godfrey's Arm-chair," a name probably invented to excite the interest of strangers, for Godfrey could hardly have resorted to these abodes of wretchedness, where, as I groped through the darkness, I trod suddenly upon the iron grate which covered the opening of the oubliettes, the

Dungeon of Death, into which the unhappy victims of feudal cruelty were thrown, and left to perish alone, forgotten by the world.

When Godfrey joined the first crusade, he sold Bouillon to the bishops of Liége. It afterward fell into the possession of William de la Marck d'Aremberg, the Sanglier des Ardennes. The last heiress of that house, Charlotte de la Marck d'Aremberg, transferred it to the family of La Tour d'Auvergne by her marriage with the Prince of Turenne. Louis the Fourteenth made of this little duchy an independent state under the protection of France. United to France during the French Revolution, it was assigned, after the overthrow of the Empire, to the kingdom of the Pays Bas. The province of Luxembourg then consisted of two portions, distinguished by their language as Walloon and German. The Walloon portion, composed entirely of the old Duchy of Bouillon, has been retained by Belgium since the Revolution of 1830. That portion of the present Belgian province of Luxembourg which was not comprised in the ancient Duchy of Bouillon was assigned to Belgium as an indemnity for the country ceded to Holland between Maestricht and Venlo, in order to establish a continuity between the Dutch possessions in that quarter. The German part was allotted by the great powers to the King of Holland, to be preserved by him with the title of Grand-duke; and, apparently, on very just grounds, since he held that portion of his dominions by a different

title from the rest. It was given to him in 1814 as a compensation for the old possessions of the house of Orange-Nassau in Germany; and, in his capacity of Grand-duke of Luxembourg, the King of Holland still belongs to the Germanic Confederation. The Belgians, however, have never ceased to complain of the injustice with which they fancy themselves to have been treated in this partition.

I have travelled on foot through the forest of Saint Cecilia from Bouillon to Florenville. Close on the French frontier, at the distance of about six miles from the latter place, are the ruins of the Abbey of Orval, to visit which I was obliged to quit the direct road to Arlon. Leaving Florenville, I plunged into a wood thicker and more extensive than any I had yet seen. For miles, on both sides, it was absolutely impenetrable to the eye, on account of the dense growth of trees. As usual, not a soul was to be seen on the road; and a solitary traveller, if attacked by one of the wolves or boars which haunt these forests, and wishing for help, would need a horn like that with which Roland, when hard pressed on the field of Roncevaux, summoned Charlemagne to his aid at the distance of eight miles.

Without yielding to such thoughts, I kept manfully onward, till, suddenly emerging into an open valley, I stood all at once before the ruins. It is impossible to imagine anything more impressive than their appearance, their vast extent, and the deep solitude that surrounds them. A high stone

wall encloses the whole area occupied by the buildings. I passed through it by a gate, the stonework above which had once been rich with armorial bearings, now almost entirely effaced. If these memorials of the former occupants or benefactors of the abbey are no longer legible, its more recent history may be read in the chisel-marks by which they have been erased. These speak of ruffian violence, of wanton devastation, to which these venerable walls have been unfortunately exposed. Over the arch of the gate, however, the date 1518 is still distinctly visible.

I entered at first a spacious court, occupied, on the side where I stood and on the right, by ranges of building, formerly the storehouses and offices of the abbey. On the left were other buildings of a more conventual character, among which I discovered an immense apartment, which I supposed to have been the refectory, or the kitchen, particularly as a large circular pool occupied one corner of it, walled with stone, and filled by subterranean conduits with clear and delicious water. Here, no doubt, the good fathers preserved the fish for their meals on fast-days. It is now appropriated, as is but too evident, to the use of cattle.

The side of the court which fronts the gate was once occupied by the abbey-church, an edifice of great size (judging from its remains), and of corresponding magnificence. Among the rubbish I trod at every step on masses of precious marble, fragments of columns and pilasters, which had for-

merly adorned its interior. To the left of this stand the ruins of another church, of much greater antiquity. It is smaller than the former, and was probably found insufficient, in the progress of time, to accommodate the increasing numbers of the brotherhood, whose wealth also demanded a more magnificent temple. Nevertheless, there has been here no want of decoration, considering the period at which it was erected. The capitals of the columns, which exist in perfect preservation, are rich and curious specimens of ancient carving, presenting every variety of model, all evidently founded on the old Corinthian, but each differing from the rest. The windows have circular heads, although a solitary arch which remains from the roof is pointed. These characteristics show that the building dates from a period when the Roman architecture was declining towards its final extinction, but before its entire fusion into the pointed style.

Behind these two churches is a long and stately range of cloisters, fronting on the opposite side upon a beautiful and level green, in old times the abbey-garden. It occupied the bed of the valley, whose sides were cut into a regular succession of terraces, six in number, supported by walls. The garden is terminated at the opposite end by the ruins of a summer-house or pavilion, on each side of which a door, opening through the garden wall, gives access to a fine piece of water, now neglected and overgrown with weeds, formed by dam-

ming up the stream which runs through the valley. A portion of the water is diverted, by an artificial channel, through the whole length of the garden, to supply a mill among the offices, and an extensive pile of building, in utter ruin like all the rest, where iron was smelted.

Thus the establishment seems to have contained within itself everything necessary for the support of its inmates. A peaceful and happy life they must have led here, in their well-named Golden Vale,* till the fatal day which gave to the flames this noble creation of the old religion. A traveller,† who visited the abbey in the year 1787, thus describes its appearance at that day: "The ancient portion resembles a city, and the new a royal residence. Although it is not finished, it is easy to see that it will be *the most beautiful abbey in the world.*"

With regard to its inhabitants, he says, "I can declare that I have been well pleased with these monks, who are very wise, modest, sober, austere without excess or affectation, content, and gay. They occupy themselves in manual labour, and have a taste for study. Their library is rich and select." ..... "This house supports all the surrounding villages; lodges passing travellers for three days; nourishes an infinity of poor persons; gives occupation to artisans and workmen without

* Orval—Aurea Vallis.

† The Abbé de Feller, in his "Itinéraire," cited in that beautiful work, "La Belgique Monumentale."

number; is a commodious and honourable hostelry, open to every worthy person, without distinction, who is there treated according to his merit and his rank; is a sure resource for the state, to which it has already given immense sums, in circumstances when the public treasure was exhausted."

A pleasing picture, destined soon to be effaced! In 1793, six years after this description was written, a body of French troops appeared in the Golden Valley. Ruin, Plunder, Sacrilege accompanied them; and at the end Fire was called in to complete the work of destruction. Of all that princely structure, there remained only the fragments which I have described, sad memorials of an order of things which Time has swept away, involving its virtues and its vices in one common fate.

The tradition of the spot is, that when Louis the Sixteenth fled from Paris, the monks of Orval awaited his arrival, and had prepared a repast for his reception. Their hospitable intentions were frustrated by his arrest at Varennes, and were no doubt remembered to their disadvantage when the revolutionary soldiers arrived here.

From Florenville to Arlon the aspect of the country improves, and it is covered with villages at short distances from one another. The Semoy and its tributaries here carry fertility with them, and invite the habitation of man. Arlon, though now advanced to the rank of capital of Belgic

Luxembourg, has nothing to recommend it to notice beyond the Roman name which it formerly bore of Orolaunum Vicus, or Orolanum, and its situation on a hill, in the midst of a level country, over which it commands an extensive prospect. Soon after leaving Arlon the road crosses the frontier, and we enter the Grand-duchy of Luxembourg. The custom-house of the Zollverein, to which it belongs, is situated at Steinfort, and is conspicuous by having every object in the vicinity painted with alternate stripes of blue, pink, and white.

At every step the scenery now becomes more delightful, assuming more and more of the serene and peaceful beauty of the Rhine-land. Arriving at the city of Luxembourg, I passed through I know not how many lines of defence before penetrating into the heart of the place. The fortifications of this city are of extraordinary strength. In a debate of the Convention in 1795, Carnot characterized it as the strongest place in Europe after Gibraltar, an impregnable bulwark and cover to the frontier. The city seems to hang suspended just beneath the summit of a rocky height which projects into the valley of the Abzette. The various works are constructed on such a gigantic scale, that this wide and deep valley seems but the trench which ordinarily surrounds a fortress. It is full of tall, solitary masses of rock, which have been made to contribute to the security of the place: they are incorporated into the walls, they are crowned with

forts: one of them, called "Le Bouc," probably because Nature seems to have intended it only as a resort for that animal, is in itself an inaccessible castle; besides the works which cover its summit, the solid rock has been excavated, so as to form chambers capable of containing a lage number of men.

While viewing this stupendous fortress, it is impossible to resist a feeling of melancholy. Bloody scenes are yet to be enacted here! With what lingering pangs is the sensitive frame of man here destined to be tortured! Nevertheless, the maintenance of these frontier posts diminishes in the end the effusion of blood, by arresting on the threshold the march of an invader. In this point of view, the importance of Luxembourg is by no means overrated. Though belonging, as I have said, to the King of Holland, it is also a frontier town of the Germanic Confederation, and is, therefore, strongly garrisoned by Prussian troops. The interior of the town has a neat and venerable appearance. The Lion of the house of Orange still decorates the public buildings, showing that here, at least, their proud motto, "In maintiendrai," has not been falsified.

From Luxembourg I walked to Grevenmachern, where I reached "the banks of the blue Moselle." Gently-rounded hills, thickly clothed with vines, form the characteristic feature of the beautiful but rather monotonous scenery of that river. Though far inferior to the Rhine, and even to the Meuse, in romantic loveliness, it is still the gentle

and fertilizing Moselle, "the glory of the fields, the glory of the husbandmen," to use the language of Ausonius, who has devoted an entire poem to its praise.

"Salve amnis, laudate agris, laudate colonis!"

I followed the left bank of the river towards Treves, and crossing the Sure, which forms the boundary between Dutch Luxembourg and Prussia, I arrived at the Roman monument of Igel, an admirable structure of the most elegant design. None of the antiquaries have as yet succeeded in establishing, beyond dispute, the object of its erection. The most probable opinion, however, seems to be, that it was a sepulchral monument, erected by the Secundini, rich merchants and imperial commissaries for the posts and armies. An inscription which remains is so imperfect that no certain help can be derived from it, but by filling up lacunæ it is made to read that Julius Secundinus Aventinus and Secundinus Securus erected the monument during their lifetime, to the memory of their deceased relatives and to their own.

This structure is of a quadrangular form, 72 feet in height and 15 feet long at the base, by 12 in width. It tapers gradually from the ground to its apex, so as to have somewhat of the form of an obelisk. Composed at first of large square stones, without ornament, these have been afterward carved so as to form pilasters at the angles, and bas-reliefs, by which its four sides are covered. In these, scenes of public and private life seem to be

combined with mythological figures; and such purity of design and finish of execution reign throughout the whole, that its date is considered to be not more recent than the age of the Antonines, before Roman art had yet made many steps in its decline.

Since leaving Luxembourg I had found the road thronged with pilgrims, some on their way to Treves, others returning. Most of them were on foot, in scattered parties. It was not until after passing the monument of Igel that I saw any processions. These, which formed one of the most pleasing features of the Pilgrimage, merit description. Each was, in general, composed of the inhabitants of a single town or village; but their numbers were sometimes very great, often amounting to five or six thousand, and the distance from which they came such as to make some trial of their constancy. In travelling, they marched in two files. The children came first, generally all dressed in white, and the rest followed in the order of their age. Between the files were the priests, in full costume. A crucifix was borne in advance of the whole train, and a banner at the head of each file. During the whole journey they kept singing hymns or reciting prayers. When a procession entered the city, all the by-standers took off their hats and remained uncovered till it had passed, and the bells of the churches in the neighbourhood were set ringing. To see one of these processions at night, by the glare of torches, was a spectacle in the highest degree impressive; but

the most beautiful, perhaps, of all the poetic scenes which this festival presented was when some of the pilgrims embarked on the Moselle, and floated down that charming river, without sails or oars, with their banners and sacred symbols all displayed, and making the air resound with their hymns.

Soon after passing the monument I came in sight of Treves. The four towers of its Cathedral could be discerned, grouped together in the distance, in the middle of the valley whose fortunate situation and rich fertility was once the boast of the Treviri, and afterward induced the Romans to establish there one of the great centres of their power.

Crossing the bridge, whose piers of basalt bear evidence to the Cyclopean labour of Roman builders, I entered the city, whose crowded streets had an air of life which this decayed town but seldom exhibits. To supply the wants of this new influx of population, booths had been erected in many places. On some of these tradesmen displayed their merchandise, others were devoted to refreshments of all sorts, but the greater part were appropriated to the sale of medallions, rosaries, rings, books, and engravings, all having reference to the Holy Tunic. It may be imagined how difficult it was to obtain a lodging among such a host of strangers; but, having at length succeeded, I sallied forth, and joined the motley crowd which thronged around the Cathedral.

CHAPTER VIII.

History of the Robe of Jesus Christ, preserved in the Cathedral at Treves.

The Cathedral of Treves claims to have possessed, since the fourth century, the Sacred Robe of Christ, the "inconsutilis tunica Domini," "the coat without seam, woven from the top throughout." Its guardians believe that it was made by the Virgin herself for her divine offspring, according to the custom of the Hebrew women, who used to employ themselves in weaving garments for their husbands and children. Other persons, whose faith or credulity exceeds the ordinary limit, assert that, by a constant miracle, this garment grew with the growth of our Redeemer. He must have worn it, then, not only at his crucifixion, but also during the whole of his life. It was by touching the hem of this robe that the sick were made whole, and from it celestial radiance was diffused when Christ was transfigured upon the high mountain, when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."

Among the vast number of relics which are objects of veneration to the Roman Catholic world, it is hardly to be doubted but that some few are, in the strictest sense of the word, authentic. From a natural and praiseworthy sentiment, men love to preserve memorials of those whom fortune or merit

has elevated above their fellows. The sword of the hero, the manuscript of the scholar, all the articles of daily use which have passed through their hands, are jealously guarded, and long viewed with interest by posterity. How much more, then, should the disciples of the Greatest among men, the First of all Creation, treasure up with care whatever could remind them of so exalted a personage. That they should have done so is certainly extremely probable; and the reverence with which these memorials were regarded, and their consequent careful preservation, would have naturally increased from age to age, from generation to generation, as the events which they commemorated became more and more remote.

The question of the efficacy of relics is one altogether different. That subject has been long since exhausted, and the opinions which divide the world with respect to it are well known. The Sacred Robe of Treves may be what it is assumed to be, without possessing the smallest real efficacy either to work evident miracles, or to produce a salutary influence upon the heart, or to purify the guilty soul from evil, and absolve it from its just punishment. Let us examine, now, on what foundation the name given to this garment rests.

The clothes worn by the Jews consisted of a mantle, which was nothing more than a large square piece of white or purple cloth thrown over the shoulders, and of a shirt or tunic made of linen or cotton, with long and wide sleeves, which was

worn next to the skin, and descended below the knees. It was often made of a single tissue, without seam; such, as we are informed by St. John, was the tunic, or "coat," as it is translated, of our Lord, and such is the appearance of that which was shown at Treves. At the Crucifixion, "the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments, and made four parts, to every soldier a part; and also his coat: now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said, therefore, among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be; that the Scripture might be fulfilled, which saith, They parted my raiment among them, and for my vesture they did cast lots. These things, therefore, the soldiers did."

It appears, therefore, that it was the *mantle* of Jesus which the executioners divided among themselves: as it was simply a piece of cloth, the four parts which were thus made could be afterward employed to some good purpose; but the *tunic* would have been rendered useless by such a proceeding. They therefore cast lots for it. What became of it afterward is altogether unknown. The firmest believers in the identity of the Robe at Treves with that which was worn by our Saviour on the day when he sealed his mission with his blood, have here to resort to probabilities. The verse of St. John which follows those I have already cited, states that "there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother and his mother's sister, Mary

the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." John himself was also present. What can be more likely, then, say they, than that one of these should have, eagerly and at any price, redeemed from the grasp of a brutal soldier this garment of their Lord. Such a supposition is, in fact, extremely probable, but it is, at the same time, entirely unsusceptible of proof; and the difficulty becomes greater when we learn that an equal obscurity involves the very *existence* of the Sacred Tunic for the space of 300 years, until the Empress Helena visited Palestine in the year 326, retracing with pious steps the holy places, and searching for relics to quicken the faith of proselytes at home. Her zealous labours were crowned with success. She discovered the place of the Crucifixion, the Holy Sepulchre, the Cross, the Title of the Cross, and the Holy Nails. The Robe without seam, the mystic symbol of the indivisibility of the Church, was among the number of her acquisitions, and upon her return she is said to have presented it to the Church of Treves. This donation is unsupported by any contemporary document, and here, again, probabilities only are adduced to enforce the truth of the tradition. Treves ranked at that time as "Queen and mistress of all the churches on this side the Alps," and in its neighbourhood the empress had been born, according to one account, and had certainly passed some years of her life. Moreover, it was near this city that the luminous cross in the heav-

ens is said to have appeared to Constantine. All these circumstances point to Treves as the proper place for the deposite of such a treasure.

To this period succeeds an immense chasm of 800 years, during which the Tunic is said to have remained hidden from view, in accordance with the practice of the Church, which forbade the public exposure of such objects. In this lapse of time Treves was six times sacked and devastated by the barbarians, with frightful carnage and destruction. Here the probabilities certainly tell strongly against the preservation of the Tunic. The custom of exposing relics to public veneration dates from the commencement of the seventh century, but it was not till the year 1196 that the one in question is stated to have been rediscovered, by accident (after the place where it was deposited had been completely forgotten), and exhibited for the first time to the gaze of the people. It then remained enclosed in the great altar of the Cathedral till the year 1512, when the ceremony was repeated on the solicitation of the Emperor Maximilian the First. We have now arrived within the domain of modern history, and no lack of documents is to be expected from that time to the present; but it must be conceded that the narrative I have given of the original discovery of this so-called relic, and the frequent dangers to which it was afterward exposed; the great intervals that elapsed during which its existence was absolutely unknown, together with the want of publicity with which all transac-

tions relating to it were carried on, tend much to show how slender are the grounds on which its claims to authenticity rest.

The history, or "Biography" of the Robe, which I have here given, is the authorized version, published at Treves under the inspection of the Bishop: others treat the matter with very little ceremony, particularly a publication at Düsseldorf, under the title of "The Twenty Holy Coats," which professes to establish that, at the least, that number is claimed among different churches.

In spite of all invalidating circumstances, the least credulous of the thousands here assembled insist that its genuineness is still possible, and the slightest possibility of this kind is sufficient to make it an interesting object, which it is impossible to view without some emotion.

Since the exposition which took place in the year 1512, the Tunic has been publicly displayed nine times, seven times at Treves and twice at Ehrenbreitstein, to which place it had been transported on account of the risk of destruction or plunder to which it was exposed during the wars which distracted Germany. The last exposition occurred in 1810, and lasted 19 days. The number of strangers who visited Treves during this time amounted to 227,000. According to the belief of some, miraculous cures were wrought by the sight and touch of the relic. It is said that many paralytics, and other persons so sick or infirm that they had to be carried before it, afterward walked without assistance.

Those who dread the predominance of the Roman Catholic faith, and look with anxiety on the signs which seem to indicate that she is about to resume much of her ancient dominion, will be struck by the fact that the exposition of the sacred Robe in the year 1844 has attracted a greater host of pilgrims than on any previous occasion. The number of strangers who visited Treves from the 17th of August to the 6th of October amounted to upward of 450,000!

CHAPTER IX.

Cathedral of Treves.—Exposition of the Holy Robe.—Letter of Johannes Ronge.

The Cathedral of Treves, dedicated to Saint Peter, is a very remarkable edifice. The central portion shows, both within and without, indubitable marks of Roman origin. On examining the external wall, it is found to be composed of Roman bricks, or rather tiles, for they have not the shape of our bricks, but are larger and flatter. There is much more mortar than brick in this construction. Within may be seen, at each angle of the cross which the building now forms, a Corinthian capital almost buried in masonry. These once formed part of four granite columns, each 44 feet in height, by which the vault of the Roman structure was supported. Three of these yet remain in their original position, imbedded in piers, and entirely concealed from view. The fourth lies at the church door, a broken but still gigantic mass. In the ninth century it gave way, and its place was supplied by ordinary stone-work. The others were walled up at the same time, to prevent a similar catastrophe.

This most ancient portion of the Cathedral, which was of a square form, was originally, as some think, the palace of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and converted by

her into a church. It is more probable, however, that it was from the first intended for a religious purpose. The building has undergone many alterations. In more recent times it has been prolonged towards the east and towards the west, and during the last century the whole edifice was made to assume the form of a cross. In its actual circuit are presented specimens of the characteristic architecture of every succeeding age since its foundation. The façade is of the eleventh century. Its round arches and the apsis, or semicircular projection in the centre, mark its date. The arches have the singular peculiarity that the stones of which they are composed are alternately dark and light coloured. Two square towers which decorate this front are of the same period, with the exception of the upper portion of that on the right, which is in the Gothic style, and contains a clock, with the admonitory inscription, "Nescitis quâ horâ fur veniet," Ye know not in what hour the thief cometh. From the summit of this tower the banner of the Pilgrimage, a red cross on a white field, was constantly floating during the ceremony, and through the door at its base the throng kept entering, in uninterrupted succession, from dawn till nightfall.

The interior of the Cathedral shows yet more manifestly the various periods of its construction. The productions of every age of art are there thrown together in strange confusion; the only idea of unity which is presented to the mind is

suggested by the long series of elaborately sculptured monuments, all to the memory of the Electors of Treves, whose ashes rest in the vaults beneath. Towards the east the choir terminates in another semicircle, like that on the front of the building; and behind it is the treasure-chamber which contains the Tunic when it is not being exhibited.

The crowd of pilgrims entering the great portal on the right, in regular procession, two and two, reached the central nave, where they separated into two files, one on each side of it. Advancing in this order, marshalled by officers with scarfs of red and yellow, the colours of Treves, they traversed the whole length of the choir, and arrived at its upper end, where the two files again united at the foot of an elevated platform of variegated marble, ascended on each side by a broad flight of steps, and decorated for the occasion with flowering plants. In the centre of this platform, directly in front of the treasure-chamber, from which it had been taken, was displayed the revered object of their pilgrimage, spread out in a glass case, and decked with white satin and blue drapery trimmed with gold. The people mounted the platform by the right-hand staircase, and passed in front of the relic, where they were permitted to pause for an instant, while they gave to one of the attending priests some small object, such as a medal, a rosary, or a representation of the Robe, embroidered on silk, or engraved on paper. The priest touched these to the Tunic,

and having thus, in the opinion of the orthodox, extracted some of its virtues, restored them to their owners, who then descended the flight of steps on the left, and quitted the Cathedral by a side door. Upon a table were seen the offerings of the pilgrims, an immense pile of copper coins, testifying at once to the multitude of the donors and to their individual poverty.

I am not ashamed to confess that, as I stood upon this elevation, and surveyed the whole scene which was passing, I felt deeply moved. The spectacle which the interior of that venerable edifice then presented might indeed excuse a moment's credulity. On one side the pilgrims were pressing forward with faces of eager expectation, chastened by religious awe, while the solemn melody of the organ conspired to elevate the thoughts of all from earth; and as they descended, it was easy to read on their countenances the joy and gratitude with which they were filled.

The Roman Catholics seize eagerly on examples of the emotion which so impressive a ceremony can hardly fail to excite, as proofs of a peculiar and divine influence which the relic exerts on the stubborn hearts of heretics. A chronicler of the exposition relates, for instance, with considerable naïveté, that an Israelitish woman, on seeing it, burst into tears, and immediately made an offering of four thalers, which, in his opinion, is a very strong testimony to the authenticity and virtue of the Robe.

But what shall I say of the miracles which the Holy Tunic is believed to have wrought? Among others, the Countess Droste-Vischering, who was so lame that she walked constantly with crutches, touched the Robe and was in an instant healed. The crutches, which she threw away, were hung up in the Cathedral as an evidence—a dubious one, certainly—to the reality of the miracle!

It is not to be supposed that a spectacle like this should fail to arouse an anxious interest and bitter indignation among the Protestants of Germany; yet, strange to say, a Roman Catholic priest, Johannes Ronge, has spoken more emphatically than they. From an obscure village in Silesia, his voice has been raised, and has rung through Germany, arraigning the Bishop of Treves at the bar of conscience and of public opinion. The letter, which I here translate, has had an immense circulation in Germany, and has produced a corresponding impression.

"That which, for a while, has sounded in our ears like a fable—like a tale, that the Bishop Arnoldi of Treves has exhibited, for reverence and religious contemplation, a piece of clothing called "the Coat of Christ," ye have already heard as a fact. Christians of the nineteenth century! ye know it; men of Germany! ye know it; teachers and ministers of the German people! 'tis no fable—no idle tale: it is reality and truth! Already, by the last accounts, 500,000 persons have made the pilgrimage to this relic, and other thousands

are daily pouring in, especially since the piece of clothing in question has healed the sick—has worked miracles! The news is spreading among the people of all countries; and in France ecclesiastics have maintained that *they* possess the genuine Robe of Christ, and that the one at Treves is spurious. Verily, we may here apply the words, 'He who on certain subjects cannot lose his wits, has none to lose!' Five hundred thousand human beings, five hundred thousand intelligent Germans, have already hurried to Treves to view or to revere a piece of clothing. Most of these thousands are from the lower classes, at any time in great poverty, oppressed, ignorant, stupid, superstitious, and in some degree degenerate; and now they leave off the tilling of their fields, forsake their trades, the care of their households, the bringing up of their children, for a journey to Treves, to an idol-feast, to an unworthy farce, which the Roman hierarchy offers. Yes! an idolatrous feast it is! since many thousands of the credulous multitude are misled to transfer the feelings, the adoration which we owe to God alone, to a piece of clothing, a work which men's hands have made.

"And what hurtful consequences do these pilgrimages produce? Thousands of the pilgrims pinch themselves to lay up money for the journey, and for the offering which they present to the Holy Robe, that is, to the clergy; they scrape it together at a sacrifice, or by begging, and return home to suffer hunger, want, or sickness from the fatigues

of the journey. Great, very great as these outward evils are, the moral detriment is yet far greater. Will not many, who through the expenses of the journey have come to need, seek to indemnify themselves in an unlawful way; many wives and maidens lose the purity of their hearts, chastity, good fame; destroy thereby the peace, the happiness, the welfare of their families? Finally, by this most unchristian spectacle, the door is thrown wide open to Superstition, to Hypocrisy, to Fanaticism, and to its necessary attendant, Vice. This is the blessing which the exposition of the Holy Tunic diffuses, with regard to which, it is, as to the rest, entirely indifferent whether it be genuine or false. And the man who has publicly set up for reverence and contemplation this piece of dress, a work which mens' hands have made; who has led astray the religious feelings of the credulous, the ignorant, or suffering multitude; who has thereby rendered service to Superstition—to Vice; who has drawn from the poor hungry people goods and money; who exposes the German nation to the derision of the rest of nations, and concentrates yet more thickly the thunder-clouds, which of themselves hang thick and lowering above our heads—this man is a bishop—a German bishop: it is the Bishop Arnoldi of Treves!

"Bishop Arnoldi of Treves! I turn, therefore, to you, and demand of you, in virtue of my office and calling as a priest, as a teacher of the German people, and in the name of Christianity, in the

name of the German nation, in the name of public teachers, to put an end to the unchristian spectacle of the exposition of the Holy Robe; I call on you to withdraw the article of dress in question from the public gaze, and not to make the scandal still greater than it is already! For know you not—as bishop, you must know it—that the Founder of the Christian religion bequeathed to his disciples and followers, not his coat, but his Spirit? His coat, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, belongs to his executioners! Know you not—as bishop, you must know it—that Christ has taught, 'God is a Spirit, and he who worships him must worship him in spirit and in truth?' He can be adored, moreover, in all places; not alone, surely, at the temple in Jerusalem, on Mount Gerizim, or yet at Treves, by the Holy Coat. Know you not—as bishop, you must know it—that the Gospel expressly forbids the adoration of every image—of every relic? that the Christians of the apostolic age suffered neither image nor relic in their churches, though they could have had plenty of them? that the fathers of the first three centuries ridiculed the heathen on this account? It is said, for example (Div. Inst., ii., c. 2), The images should, in fact, if they had life, rather worship the men by whom they have been made, not the reverse ('Nec intelligunt homines ineptissimi, quod si sentire simulacra et moveri possent, adoratura hominem fuissent, a quo sunt expolita'). Finally, know you not—as bishop, you must know this also—that the sound, vigorous

spirit of the German people first suffered itself to be abased to the adoration of relics in the 13th and 14th centuries, through the influence of the Crusades, after the lofty idea of the Divinity which Christianity gives had been obscured among them by all kinds of fables and wondrous tales brought from the East? Look you! Bishop Arnoldi of Treves! this you know, and better, probably, than I can tell it to you! You know, too, the consequences which the idolatrous veneration of relics and superstition have in general brought upon us, namely, the spiritual and bodily slavery of Germany! and yet you set up your relic for public veneration! Nevertheless, if possibly you did not know all this—if you only aimed at the welfare of Christianity in the exposition of the Treviran relic, you have yet thereby burdened your conscience with a double guilt, from which you cannot clear yourself. On the one hand, it is unpardonable in you, if a healing virtue really appertains to the famous garment, that you have withheld it from the suffering human race till the year 1844. On the other hand, it is unpardonable that you have taken offering-money from the hundred thousands of pilgrims. Or, at any rate, is it not unpardonable that you, as bishop, accept money from the hungry poverty of our people, especially after you have seen, but a few weeks since, want drive hundreds into rebellion and a death of despair? As for the rest, suffer not yourself to be deceived by the concourse of hundred thousands; and believe me, that while hundred thousands of Germans hurry to Treves,

in the fulness of their zeal, millions are, like myself, filled with deep abhorrence and bitter indignation at your unworthy spectacle. This indignation prevails, not merely in this or the other rank of society, in this or that party, but in every rank, yes! even among the Catholic priesthood. Justice, therefore, will overtake you sooner than you suppose. Already does the historian grasp the pen, and hand over your name, Arnoldi, to the scorn of the present and succeeding ages, and brand you as the Tetzel of the nineteenth century.

"But you, my German fellow-countrymen! whether you live near Treves or far from it, strain every nerve that such a disgrace be no longer affixed to the German name. Ye have city-delegates, heads of communes; ye have deputies of provinces and of circles; onward! work through them! Let each one do his best, once for all, to meet and give a decisive check to the mighty tyranny of the Roman hierarchy. For not only at Treves is this modern sale of indulgences carried on; ye know it well! to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, bead-money, mass-money, absolution-money, burial-money, and the like are collected; and the spiritual night grows ever darker. Go ye all to the work, whether Catholics or Protestants; it concerns our honour, our freedom, our happiness. Offend not the manes of your fathers who shattered the Capitol, while *you* suffer the Engelsburg* in Germany. Dishonour

* Engelsburg appears to be a German translation of "Castello di S. Angelo," the papal fortress in Rome.

not the laurel crowns of Huss, of Hutten, of Luther! Clothe your thoughts in words, and give your will effect!

"Finally, my colleagues, ye who desire and strive after the good of your flocks—the honour, the freedom, the happiness of your German nation, be silent no longer! for ye sin against Religion, against the father-land, against your calling, while you longer hold your peace, and while you longer tarry. To quicken your better convictions, I have already addressed a word to you; therefore, at present, only these few lines. Show yourselves true followers of Him who offered up all for Truth, for Light, and Freedom! Show that you have inerited his Spirit, not his Coat!"

CHAPTER X.

Codex Aureus.—Liebfrauenkirche.—Roman Monuments of Treves. —Porta Nigra.—Amphitheatre.—Roman Baths.—Palace of Constantine.

Most of the pilgrims spent but a single day in Treves. During the time that I remained in the city, I observed among them no disorders of any kind—no fighting, drunkenness, or tumult. After they had visited the Cathedral and the relic, they generally broke into small parties, and roamed about the city, gazing with simple wonder on the splendour of the churches, or the dilapidated wrecks of Roman art. Some found their way into the public library, where it was amusing to see them examining the old books and manuscripts. Among these is the celebrated Codex Aureus, a copy of the four Gospels, written on parchment in letters of gold, made by command of Ada, "handmaid of Christ, and sister of Charlemagne," and presented by her to the Abbey of St. Maximin in Treves. The covers are adorned with precious stones, and in the centre of one of them is an antique cameo, on which are engraved five heads, representing, according to some, Augustus, according to others, Germanicus, with their respective families.

Of the churches of Treves, that called Liebfrauenkirche, or Nôtre Dame, is the most beautiful,

and is also one of the most elegant in existence. It is situated close by the side of the Cathedral, to which it is connected by a cloister, lately restored. I have no words to describe the admirable harmony, the noble simplicity which reign through every portion of this edifice; the ingenuity of its plan, in which a rotunda and a cross are most skilfully combined, or the perfect taste with which all the minor ornaments have been designed and executed. It dates (1227–1243) from the earliest period of the pointed style. The interior is supported by twelve columns, on which are painted the twelve apostles, who can be seen all at once from a particular spot, indicated by a square of blue marble let into the pavement. This church contains the only good picture I saw at Treves, a martyrdom of Saint Sebastian, ascribed to Guido Reni.

The exterior of the Liebfrauenkirche is also highly curious. The principal entrance is rich with sculpture. On one side is seen a statue representing Judaism, under the form of a female, blindfold, and with a crown falling from her head. On the opposite side is Christianity, another female figure, of serene countenance, and wearing a crown. Above the entrance is represented, in one small semicircular space, the angels announcing the Nativity to the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, Simeon in the Temple, bearing the infant Jesus upon his arms, and the Massacre of the Innocents, surrounded by a border of foliage, and five rows of figures, one within another, angels, personages

with crowns, and others holding musical instru ments and books, the meaning of all which it is not easy to comprehend: they are said to picture the Church. The Annunciation is also represented by a figure of the Virgin, standing on one side of the great window above the portal, in an attitude of respectful attention, while on the opposite side is seen the angel Gabriel, holding a scroll in his hand, from which he appears to be delivering his address, like a modern orator. The gable in which the whole front terminates is completely filled by an image of the crucified Saviour, with the Virgin on one side, and Saint John on the other.

The Roman monuments of Treves have been often described, but their interesting character may excuse a few words with regard to them. When Cæsar arrived in this part of Gaul, he found Treves the capital of the Treviri, then a powerful nation of Germanic origin. The city must, even at that time, if we may believe its inhabitants, have dated from a remote antiquity; for a conspicuous inscription on the old town-hall, now degraded to an inn, informs the stranger that Treves stood one thousand three hundred years before Rome, adding the pious aspiration that she may yet stand firm and enjoy eternal peace.

ANTE ROMAM TREVIRIS STETIT ANNIS
MILLE TRECENTIS.
PERSTET ET ÆTERNA PACE FRVATVR.
AMEN.

"Having fallen under the Roman domination,

it received the name of "Augusta Trevirorum," and long enjoyed the highest prosperity. We are told that it possessed a Capitol, a Forum, and a Palace of the Senate; a Circus which equalled the Circus-Maximus at Rome, imperial palaces, triumphal arches, baths and aqueducts, temples and basilicas, with magnificent statues and pictures. Of its four gates, which fronted the four climates of the world, the northern one, called the Black Gate, or the Gate of Mars, alone remains; a vast and admirable structure, in a remarkable state of preservation. Of the other buildings which adorned the Roman city, are seen only detached and crumbling fragments, which can hardly be said to boast a name, so conflicting are the opinions of the learned with regard to them. Still, such as they are, they remain a proud inheritance for Treves, as memorials of the time when the favour of Rome, and the frequent residence of the emperors, made it "the richest, the happiest, the most glorious, the most distinguished, the greatest" of all the cities on this side the Alps.

The Porta Nigra, or Black Gate, is unquestionably the most interesting of all the Roman monuments of Treves. This edifice, constructed of large blocks of stone, united together by iron and lead without the aid of cement, is a parallelogram of 115 feet in length and 91 in height. The stone has been of a grayish colour, but is now blackened with years; hence the name of the structure. Towards the city it presents a regular façade of

three stories, ornamented by as many ranges of attached columns of the Tuscan order. The central portion was originally lower than the sides, which were carried up to the height of another story, so as to form towers. Only one of these is perfect: the other has lost its highest story. On the opposite façade, which looks towards the country, these towers have a semicircular form. Each story is pierced by large arched windows, with the exception of the lowest, which has no opening except two arched gates, side by side, in its centre. The columns which decorate the building are of massive but rude construction; their capitals, in particular, are very roughly formed—indeed, with so little grace that it would seem probable that they had originally been covered with marble of finer workmanship. In spite of the want of finish which a minute examination detects, the general aspect of this monument, when viewed at a little distance, is in the highest degree imposing, and the solidity of its construction is admirable. This alone has enabled it to resist the effect of time and the violence of barbarians, who have clipped away the edges of the stones to extract the clamps by which they were held together.

Different opinions have been entertained with regard to the original destination of this edifice. While some are content to call it one of the gates of the city, others maintain that it was a triumphal arch, and stood originally near the centre of Treves, grounding their opinion principally upon its form,

and the number of its windows, which seem to make it little adapted to the purpose of defence. This idea, however, seems to be sufficiently refuted by the fact that Roman tombs have been found just outside the gate, showing the former existence of a cemetery, which was never suffered within the walls of a town.

An equal variety of opinions exists with regard to the date of its erection. Some even attribute it to the ancient Treviri, and call it their Forum; but this is ascribing to that people a degree of proficiency in the arts which nothing warrants; and it is now generally considered as a Roman work, erected by Constantine the Great, who restored the fortifications after they had been ruined by the Franks.

In the eleventh century one of the towers of the gate was inhabited by a Greek monk of Mount Sinai, named Simeon. The recluse and holy life he led there procured him, after his death, the honour of canonization, and the gate was converted into a church, after having been enlarged by an addition upon one side, which still remains.

The amphitheatre of Treves was of small size, compared with others whose ruins still exist. Its remains are also inconsiderable. The general plan can be easily traced, and the oval arena has been perfectly cleared to its original level. Of the seats which surrounded this space, no vestige remains, but the low wall which separated them from it still exists, with openings leading to dens, where, as is

supposed, the wild beasts were confined. The whole amphitheatre was dug in the side of a hill, and its external walls, if it ever possessed any, have now entirely disappeared, but its two principal entrances at the north and south still exist in part, nobly built with small square blocks of limestone. It was in this amphitheatre that Constantine exposed the prisoners he had taken from the Franks and Bructheri to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, and when these, sated with carnage, gave up the bloody work, compelled the unfortunate men to fight against each other as gladiators.

The ruins generally called "The Roman Baths" are not far from the amphitheatre, to which they are supposed to have been connected by a subterranean passage. The building is constructed of alternate layers of limestone blocks and tiles, and its plan consists of four vaulted semicircles united together, of which two are in good preservation. The arches of this building are formed of tiles alone. The principal one served, until lately, as one of the city gates, and bore the name of Porta Alba, or White Gate, in opposition to the Porta Nigra, on the other side of the city.

Not far from the Baths stand the remains of a stupendous structure, whose original name and destination are uncertain, and likely to remain so, though it is generally called the "Palace of Constantine." It is entirely constructed of Roman tiles, 15 inches in length and breadth, and only an inch and a half in thickness, and presents a long

and lofty wall terminating in a tower of a semicircular form. The slightest inspection shows that the windows by which it is now pierced are of very recent date, and that there existed originally only a series of wide and high arches, which have been afterward filled up with masonry. This building is an enigma to antiquaries, some calling it the Palace of Constantine, while others are undecided whether it be a hippodrome, a theatre, a basilica, or a portion of the contiguous baths. The best authorities are of opinion that in any case it could not have been a palace, or any other habitation, but was an edifice destined for some public assemblage, while the simple and massive style of its construction indicates a date anterior to the age of Constantine. The common people give to the semicircular portion of it the name of Heidenthurm, or Heathens' Tower. The whole pile forms at present the western side of the court of the former palace of the Electors of Treves, now converted into a barrack.

Besides these ruins, many others have been found at Treves. Indeed, it is only necessary to turn up the ground to the depth of a few feet in almost any part of the city to meet with walls and foundations, mournful vestiges of the works of a great people, and relics of the time when the six most illustrious cities of the Roman Empire were Rome, Constantinople, Antioch, Carthage, Alexandria, and TREVES.

APPENDIX.

The following verses, the production of some Trevisan scholar, form ten chronodisticha. The Roman numbers contained in every two lines form, when added together, the date 1844. These chronodisticha are very often seen inscribed on buildings, to commemorate the date of their erection:

Non parVos TreVIrIs popVLos ConCVrrere CernIs,
QVI ChrIstI tVnICaM reLLIgIone CoLVnt.

HâC tVnICâ fVeras VestItVs, ChrIste reDeMptor,
QVaerens Vt serVes, ter-pIe pastor, oVes.

VestIs Vt In Thabor ter-praestans Ista refVLsIt,
MoX CanDore nIVIs CLarIor Ipsa fVIt

IstIVs VestIs ContaCtV LangVIDa tetro
SangVInIs effLVVIo foeMIna sana stetIt.

HâC In Veste pIVs IesVs Constanter VbIqVe
DIspersIt VerbI seMIna sanCta sVI.

ChrIstVs Vt orabat ConsVeto trIstIs In horto,
GVttIs haeC VestIs sangVIneIs MaDVIt.

IsthâC InDVtVs LangVens post Verbera IesVs
VItaLIs LIgnI ponDera DIra tVLIt.

AspeCtV tVnICae ChrIstI qVI peCtore pVnCtI,
lVngVnt et preCIbVs LaetItIae LaCryMas.

HâC saLVatorIs bené taCtâ Veste repente
Aeger oVans sentIt DesVper aVXILIVM.

QVae ChrIstI tVnICaM per te pIa possIDet, VsqVe
Grates Vrbs TreVIrIs soLVet, HeLena, tIbI.

INSCRIPTION BEHIND THE GREAT ALTAR IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. AUBAIN AT NAMUR.

D. O. M. S.
Ser^mo Prin. Joan. Austriaco
D. Ⓒ. V. Imp. filio post Mauros Ī.
Betica rebellātes subjugatos
Turcarūq_z max: classem apud
Patras eo duce funditus fugatam deletamq_z cū in Belgio
Pro regem agent. in castris
Bougianis cōtinua febre in
Ipso juvētutis flo: sublato
Avūculo Amatiss. Alexander
Farnesius Parmæ Placentiæq_z
Princeps ī imperio successor
ex mādato D. Philippi Hisp. ac
Indiar regis Potentiss. hanc
Altaris tabulā cœnotaphii
loco poni curavit.

1578.

THE END.

VALUABLE BOOKS OF TRAVEL

IN PRESS OR JUST PUBLISHED

BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NEW-YORK.

I.

TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

BY JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.,

Author of "Observations in Europe," &c.

[In press.]

II.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO.

With Notes and Illustrations.

BY HUGH MURRAY, ESQ.

[In press.]

III.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD,

From the Death of Capt. Cook to the Present Time, &c.

IV.

STEPHENS' CENTRAL AMERICA.

Comprising interesting Sketches of the remarkable Ruins of that Country.

2 vols. 8vo. Numerous Plates.

V.

STEPHENS' YUCATAN.

Including copious Details and Illustrations of the Stupendous Architectural Relics of the Peninsula.

2 vols. 8vo. 120 fine Engravings.

VI.

DR. FISK'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, &c.

With numerous Engraved Illustrations.

VII.

HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.

Being a condensed Narrative of his Explorations in Central America, Asiatic Russia, &c.

1 vol. 18mo. With Cuts.

VIII.

ROBERTS' COCHIN-CHINA, SIAM, &C.

An Account of his Embassy to those Courts.

1 vol. 8vo.

IX.

JACOBS' ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

Comprising a Narrative of Scenes and Incidents in the Islands of the Australasian Seas, &c.

1 vol. 12mo. Plates.

X.

DR. HUMPHREY'S TOUR

In Great Britain, France, and Belgium, &c.

2 vols. 12mo.

XI.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE,

Turkey, Russia, Poland, &c.

BY JOHN L. STEPHENS, ESQ.

2 vols. 12mo. Plates.

XII.

STEPHENS' TRAVELS IN EGYPT,

Arabia Petræ, and the Holy Land.

2 vols. 12mo. Plates.

XIII.

RESEARCHES IN CAFFRARIA.

Describing the Customs, Character, and Moral Condition of the Tribes Inhabiting the Southern Portions of Africa.

BY STEPHEN KAY.

12mo. Plates.

XIV.

EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

The Pacific and Indian Oceans Described, &c.

BY J. N. REYNOLDS.

XV.

SANTA FE EXPEDITION.

Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition, including Description of a Tour across the Prairies, &c.

BY G. W. KENDALL.

2 vols. 12mo. With Illustrations.

XVI.

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT.

BY DIDIMUS.

XVII.

A PILGRIMAGE TO TREVES,

Through the Valley of the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes, in the Year 1844.

XVIII.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE,

Principally in France and Germany, &c.

2 vols. 12mo. With fine Plates.

XIX.

DR. MOTT'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

1 vol. 8vo.

XX.

LETTERS FROM THE ÆGEAN.

BY JAMES EMERSON.

XXI.

DE KAY'S TURKEY.

Containing Sketches of that Country.

1 vol. 8vo. Plates.

XXII.

AMERICAN ADVENTURE

By Land and Sea, including Remarkable Cases of Enterprise and Fortitude.

BY EPES SARGEANT.

XXIII.

BUCKINGHAM'S AMERICA,

Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive.

2 vols. 8vo. Plates.

XXIV.

GLORY AND SHAME OF ENGLAND.

BY C. E. LESTER.

2 vols. Plates.

XXV.

RANDOM SHOTS AND SOUTHERN BREEZES.

2 vols. 12mo.

XXVI.

MISS SEDGWICK'S LETTERS

From Abroad to Kindred at Home.

2 vols. 12mo.

XXVII.

MRS. HAIGHT'S LETTERS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

2 vols. 12mo.

XXVIII.

OWEN'S VOYAGES TO THE AFRICAN COAST.

2 vols. 12mo.

XXIX.

MUTINY OF THE BOUNTY.

With a Description of Pitcairn's Island and its Inhabitants.

XXX.

PARRY'S VOYAGES TO THE POLAR SEAS.

2 vols. 18mo.

XXXI.

LANDERS' TRAVELS TO THE NIGER.

An Expedition to Trace its Source, with other Discoveries.

2 vols. 18mo.

XXXII.

PYM'S ADVENTURES.

Comprising Details of a Mutiny in the South Seas, &c.

1 vol. 12mo.